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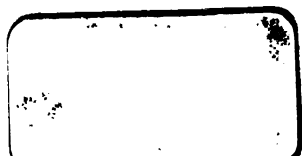
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SOMETHING NEW
ON
MEN AND MANNERS,
A CRITIQUE ON THE
Follies and Vices of the Age;
INTERSPERSED WITH
AMUSING ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES,
AND
USEFUL SUGGESTIONS
ON
Various Interesting Topics.

"Human nature is the most useful study to society, as it tends to improve mankind."

HAILSHAM:

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TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE OF SUSSEX.

SIR,

PERSUADED that great minds are ever ready to make allowance for error, and inclined to encourage the humblest talents rather than to search for defects, I appear before your Royal Highness in the character I have ventured to assume, without fear, though with unaffected diffidence of conscious imperfections.

The love of literature, science, and justice in the higher classes, and more particularly in a Prince, must act as a spur to genius, improve the public mind, and be of general benefit to the nation at large.

As the friend to literature—the patron of science—rewarder of merit—and respecter of justice—I was induced to solicit the honor of dedicating this Volume to your Royal Highness; and not from any vain conceit of its being worthy of so distinguished a patronage, in any other way than the furnishing a

DEDICATION.

few hints of national interest for others of greater capacity than myself to enlarge and improve upon.

Should the observations I have made emulate any of my countrymen to enter, I will not say more warmly, but more ably, on subjects I have merely glanced at for their improvement, I shall be satisfied with the part I have taken. And should only one individual be brought to a conviction of his errors, and reform his manners, on beholding a representation of himself, I shall rejoice that my labours have not intirely been exerted in vain.

Happy in this opportunity of testifying the high respect in which I hold your Royal Highness's judgment, and that you may live for many years to encourage genius, promote learning, and improve the public taste, is the sincere wish of

Sir,

Your Royal Highness's

most devoted,

most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
ON MODERN CRITIQUES.	
Zimmerman's Opinion of the Press	4
Anecdote of Alexander Pope	5
ON MODERN TASTE.	
Partiality, Prejudice, and Fashion	9
Anecdote of a Lady of distinction	ib.
Result of the Exercise of Genius	13
Anecdote of Professor Porson	14
ON BENEFICENCE.	
The fruits of Christianity	16
The Charms of Benevolence	18
The happy Effects of good Works	19
ON SENSIBILITY.	
Anecdote of the late Lord Erskine	23
Expressive Eloquence of Brutes	25
Opinion of the Captive Usurper on the Animal Creation	26
Athenian Veneration for Animals	27
Plutarch's Definition of Goodness	ib.
Cato's patriotic Economy	ib.
ON NATIONAL SPIRIT.	
Patriotic Duties	29
A Query	ib.
An old Saying verified	31
ON IDLE CURIOSITY.	
Scrutiny to which Authors are exposed	33
Division of the profits of their Labours	35
Nationality	36

CONTENTS.

	Page
ON THE SABBATH.	
Institution of the Sabbath	38
Seven a mystical number in Scripture	42
Anecdote of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte of Wales ..	43
ON NAMES AND TITLES.	
Friendly Anticipations	45
Bookseller's Remarks	47
Anecdote of Peter the Great of Russia.....	52
ON PATRIOTISM.	
Munificence of the disaffected Bookseller.....	54
Official Economy	57
ON LOYALTY.	
Reception of a dethroned Monarch	59
His departure and policy	61
Anecdote of a great Monarch and his Minister	62
Noble conduct of the Countess of Java.....	63
Gratitude of Charles II. of England.....	65
ON PLEBBIAN ASSURANCE.	
A Comparison	67
History of Squire Springup	69
ON SELF-SUFFICIENCY.	
Barbarity of Marius	74
A lamentable Fact	77
Anecdote of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence	79
Saying of Epaminondas	80
ON THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.	
Charitable Virtues	81
Injustice	83
ON HOLINESS.	
Faith and Obedience	86
Christian Duties	93
Godliness rewarded	95

CONTENTS.

	Page
ON GOD'S JUDGMENTS.	96
Death of Henry IV. of France	ib.
Opinion of our James II. thereon	97
Historical Account of Godwin, Earl of Kent.....	ib.
For whom Judgments are prepared	98
Fatal Effect of Cruelty.....	100
ON PASSION.	103
Anecdote of Prince Henry of England, and Lewis of France	104
Bacon and Greens.....	105
An Appeal to the Feelings	ib.
ON FORBEARANCE.	108
Anecdote of an illustrious Lady	110
Magnanimity and Self-possession.....	112
ON STORY-TELLING.	113
Story of a Pig and a Woodcock	114
Story of a Peas-pudding	117
Anecdote of a Young Gentleman.....	118
ANTIPATHIES AND PREJUDICES.	120
Sir Jonathan Blunt and a Lady of distinction	121
Extraordinary antipathy of a Dutch Nobleman	125
ON SELF-CONVICTION.	127
Conscience its own accuser	128
Story of a Dutch Jew	129
ON CONSCIENCE.	132
Instinct and Reason	134
Man the Image of his Creator	135
Presumption	136
ON ECCENTRICITIES.	137
Memoirs of a Young Lady	138
Spirit of Independence	141

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE RESULT.	143
Conceit and Ignorance	145
Sir Walter Scott's opinion of Romance Reading	148
Fashionable topics of the day	149
THOUGHTS ON ROMANCE.	151
Reading easier than Writing	152
Rebut Courtiers	153
Sterne's sentimental style inimitable	156
ON ROMANTIC PASSIONS.	158
Address to my young Friends	ib.
Story of Valentin	160
Memoirs of Rosetta	161
ON THE LOVE OF ADVENTURE.	164
History of Philomena	ib.
Fair Ellen of Peckham	169
Anecdote of Holbein's Picture of Ann of Cleves	ib.
ON KISSING.	171
Anecdote of Erasmus	ib.
Anecdote of Edward IV. of England	172
Dutch Gallantry	173
Shaking of Hands	174
Anecdote of Prince Blucher.....	ib.
ON ENTHUSIASTIC PRESUMPTION.	176
Public Nuisances	177
Religious Contentions	178
Charge to the Grand Jury of Somerset	182
ON THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.	184
Preliminary Conditions	186
The Scrap-book.....	187
Tributary Remarks	ib.

CONTENTS.

	Page
ON EDUCATION IN GENERAL.	190
Rage for Attainments	191
Grandeur of the Traffic Family	193
Anecdote of a Mr. Crispin	197
ON GIVING PEARLS TO SWINE.	198
Flight of Authors	199
Story of Drudgena	200
ON THE NEWS OF THE DAY.	204
Anecdote of His Majesty George IV.	206
March of Intellect.	208
Anecdote of Farinelli	209
Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. Secretary Peel, and Mr. Brougham	212
ON BULLS.	214
A trite Remark of Paddy's	215
A peep at Poet's Corner	218
The Budget	220
Expeditious Travelling	221
A saying of Cato the Elder	ib.
ON WONDERS.	222
Extraordinary Accounts from America	223
A Remark of Dr. Johnson's	ib.
Mermaids, Monkies, &c. &c.	224
A lucky Thought	226
ON SUPERSTITION.	227
Anecdote of Claudius Pulcher	230
A Remark of Dr. Johnson's	ib.
Story by the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's	233
Liberty of Conscience granted by St. Paul.	234
Anecdote of Montesquieu and the Pope'	ib.
Story of Cadwallader	235
Anecdotes of George III.	236

CONTENTS.

	Page
ON ENTHUSIASM.	238
Biographical Sketches of the Apostles	239
Itinerant Preachers	243
A Rev. Shoemaker and a Rev. Blacksmith.....	ib.
A Master of Arts	245
A Rev. Baker	246
His Satanic Majesty	247
ON IMAGINATION.	248
Another Devil	249
Story of a lonely Traveller	251
His Bird	254
Reflections on Pythagoras.....	255
Dr. Johnson on Apparitions	ib.
A Ghost.....	257
The Shipwrecked Voyagers, a fragment.....	258
Legendary Tale	261
ON DEATH.	263
Death a change from one State to another	267
Represented in the Scriptures as a sleep.....	268
Reflections on the State of surviving Relatives	269
ON VULGAR ERRORS.	270
Anecdote of Goldsmith.....	271
Anecdote of Hume	272
Wise Maxim of Pythagoras	ib.
Defender of the Faith, an historical error	273
Renovation of the Title by Pope Leo X.	274
ON ORDERS AND INSTITUTIONS.	275
Order of the Garter	277
Its origin, according to Selden	278
National Records	279
ON THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN.	280
Joseph of Arimathea	281

CONTENTS.

	Page
Prophecy of Isaiah fulfilled	282
Queen Bertha a Christian prior to Austin's arrival	285
Austin's Inhumanity	287
Reply to the demand, "Shew us a Protestant before Luther."	ib.

ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY. 288

Conduct of Primitive Christians	289
Abuses introduced by Gregory II.	291
Persecution opposed by Gregory I.	292
Exhortation to Charity	294

ERRATA.

Last Page of Contents, line 8, for Gregory II. read *Gregory VII.*

Page 2, line 18, for Hum read *Hem.*

Page 149, line 34, for Gascoigne read *Gascoigne.*

Page 230, line 29, for in robe read *in a robe.*

NUMBER I.



ON MODERN CRITIQUES.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
Some judge of authors' *names*, not *works*, and then
Nor praise nor blame the *writings*, but the *men*.

"SOMETHING NEW!" ejaculated a worthy disciple of the old school, as he skimmed over the advertisements of a morning paper, "that is impossible, '*There is nothing new under the sun*' says the wisest of men."

"Nothing *New!*" reiterated his modernized Sister, as she closed the second volume of Sir Walter Scott's last new novel, "What can you mean, Brother? Why every thing is new; we are altogether a new race of beings; the old doctrines of the ancients carry but little weight with them at present; and those of your Royal Preacher, in particular, are scarcely admitted into the *new* code. *New* doctrines, *new* ideas, *new* language, *new* manners, *new* habits, *new* stile, *new* schools, *new* studies, *new* fancies, *new* inventions, *new* fashions, and even *new* religions, mark the novelty of the age we live in. In short, as I said before, every thing is *new*; not so much as an old woman

to be found now, nor an old friend, without a *new* face. Our very constitution will be changed anon, I suspect; for *new* systems are daily springing up; and believe me, Brother, you've only to send to your bookseller," continued she jocosely, "and you'll soon be convinced that there are fifty *new things under the sun* to be had, for the papers teem with SOMETHING NEW every day. Prithee who is it written by?"

"By the author, I presume, Madam," solemnly replied the sage, "since you are so mighty sharp, for the advertisement only intimates that

'He has a lean and hungry look;
 ——— but he's not dangerous:
 ——— he reads much:
 He is a great observer; and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men.'

SHAKESPEARE!—HUM!

"So I suspect you will not now be over anxious to cultivate his acquaintance, since he is not introduced to your notice either by a captivating title or a well-known Spark of fashion."

"Perhaps not, Brother," said the lady, drawing herself up, "but pray where is the thing published? *that* may be a criterion by which one may judge of its merits, since the author does not choose to announce himself."

"Oh! if that be the case," replied her Rallier, "you will decide in its favor at once; for it is published at that great literary depot where none

but scientific works, or productions of uncommon genius, are ever accepted."

"Is it a good thing then, after all, think ye, Sir Solomon?" satirically enquired the lady in her turn.

"Good! to be sure. It must be good—according to the new system of things; a Scott, a Moore, an Albion Peer perchance incog." exclaimed the Sage, with well-feigned extacy. "It must be good—it must be good, if——"

"What, without a name, Brother?" interrupted the astonished fair.

"Aye, without a name, without a title, and e'en without common-sense, Madam," said he, with a most provoking tone of irony, "when brought forward under the auspices of so fashionable a publisher as ——"

"Say what you will of modern taste, Brother," interrupted the offended Fair-one, "it is quite necessary for people of fashion, as well as people of no fashion at all, to read popular authors; yes, and to *admire* them too, in spite of all their vulgarisms, absurdities, and extravagancies; or subject themselves to the sarcasms of all the little Masters and Misses of romantic erudition, as well as the sagacious shrugs of more experienced readers; indicative of a most extraordinary want of judgment in differing from the *universal* opinion of *universal* readers."

"Yes yes, sister, so the world goes at present; and as you very justly observe, old fools are led

by young ones, and people of tolerable capacity suffer themselves to be laughed out of their senses by those who have no capacity at all, merely for the want of confidence to support their own superiority of intellect. But it is those who reflect on what they read and possess courage to announce their opinion to the world, it is agreed, who improve the public taste, and consequently benefit society."

"'The press,' says the ingenious and patriotic Zimmerman, 'is the channel through which writers diffuse the light of truth among *the people*, and display its radiance to the eyes of *the great*. Good writers inspire the mind with courage to think for itself; the free communication of sentiments contributes to the improvement and perfection of human reason; and the highest public duty is that of employing our faculties for the benefit of mankind.'"

"I shall send for SOMETHING NEW, and form my own opinion of it, unbiassed by partiality or prejudice. Many things may be said and done under the mask, which it would be highly imprudent to hazard without one. Your friend Priscilla for instance, would utter a thousand little pleasantries that amused and did credit to her genius, when mixing with the motley group at a masquerade; but diffident and unassuming, she scarcely ever ventured to discover more than ordinary talents in private society. Here, she was too soon abashed and silenced by the overbearing garrulity

of vain pretenders; there, she was secure from the gaze of impertinence, and in her turn made presumption blush at her own folly."

"May it not be the same with authors? You recollect, no doubt, that Alexander Pope, by not prefixing his name to his celebrated Essay on Man, and giving it to a new publisher, completely vanquished his enemies, and confounded his ill-natured critics. The Essay when printed met with prodigious applause; the supposed new genius was praised at his expence; and he, by declaring himself to be the author in a future edition of that work, threw them all into utter consternation, while he laughed at their waywardness and triumphed in his success. Now who knows, Sister, that the stranger before us may not be an old friend with a new face? Perhaps the author of the celebrated Old ———; and lest he should be shunned by the ladies for such a title, now in disguise brings forth SOMETHING NEW."

"I hate disguise," says the lady, "and have no opinion of any thing that comes as 'twere from an air gun,—pop upon one, without making any noise in the world."

NUMBER II.



ON MODERN TASTE AND THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF TALENT.

Authors you know, of greatest fame,
Through modesty, suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end."

NONE but a mother, it is commonly said, can judge of a mother's feelings. Perhaps it may be as justly remarked, that none but an author can enter into the feelings of an author. One is shy; another is confident;—some march boldly forward; others with trembling steps advance.—While these pace gently on, those with triumph bear away the laurel of applause.

That a celebrated name ought, in most cases, to add force to argument, and weight to opinion, is beyond doubt; but that vulgar prejudices should be adopted, or opinions formed on slender authorities, is contrary to reason, to common sense, and to justice. Nor should we take things for granted upon hearsay, without exercising our own faculties to form a judgment. Without

reflection, without the least consideration, how many unthinking mortals commit themselves by giving into the fashionable weaknesses of the day, and yielding a submission to false notions and erroneous conclusions.

With respect to authors, such is their woeful condition, that they are often condemned without a trial; and are sometimes, whether good, bad, or indifferent, (excuse the vulgar proverb gentle reader), hunted like a badger, to the very extremity of their lurking holes; and when discovered are torn to pieces without mercy.

To meet such barbarous attacks, more than common courage is needful. The majority of mankind is influenced by party and prejudice; and it is a notorious fact, says some able critic, that "*a tolerable performance from a person of note, will usually be considered, by the bulk of readers, as an instance of astonishing capacity; though the very same production, ushered into the world with the name of an author under different circumstances, would be totally disregarded.*"

No sooner is a new publication announced, than WHO IS IT WRITTEN BY? IS IT A GOOD THING? and, WHERE IS IT PUBLISHED? echoes from fair to fair, from young to old, and from old to young; interrogatories as laudable perhaps, in some respects, as natural in others; but when made merely from a motive of curiosity to identify the author, to ascertain his rank in society, or to know whe-

ther he be the *admired writer of the day*, in order to pronounce an opinion, without any further consideration, such enquiries then become as contemptible as they are ridiculous. Authors, it is well known, like other adventurers for fame and profit, frequently expatiate in the daily papers on their own extraordinary abilities, in order to obtain public notice; and by such means do the public, in general, suffer themselves to be influenced. Who would be so unfashionable as not to read and admire, *understand them or not*, the philosophical discourses of a German Baroness—historical novels of a Scottish Baronet—or the poetic effusions of an Albion Peer? One might as well doubt the orthodoxy of dissertations on holy writ, published at Rivington's; or omit sending for a work, bearing a plausible title, from Murray's or Colburn's, as not to be an enthusiast for such writers.

Characters of such extraordinary talent certainly sound the trump of fame before them. But admitting a vulnerable part could be detected in such superior spirits; what literary sceptic of the present day would be so hardy as to risk his reputation for ever, by passing a different sentence to that delivered by a body of sage critics?

Thus without reflection—without exercising their own faculties—a multitude of easy mortals are biassed by party, prejudice, or fashion. They take all upon the report that echoes and re-echoes from side to side, till their senses are benumbed

and their judgment completely perverted. And by thus tamely submitting to the decision of others, they too often outrage their own superior powers of discernment.

As *partiality* is apt to over-rate the abilities of a friend, or a celebrated genius, and to look upon an indifferent performance of either as a master-piece in its kind; so does *prejudice*, on the other hand, withhold its praise, by refusing to discover the beauties of a stranger, even in a work of excellence; while *fashion*, without a dissenting voice, bestows the palm of victory indifferently on either side.

In support of an opinion so repugnant to candour and liberality, the following anecdote may not be considered as unaptly introduced. But where private history is concerned, the substituting fictitious names must be allowed, though the characters are not imaginary, nor need the facts be the less credited.

Henrietta Katharina, a lady of noble descent, whose natural genius was improved by an excellent education, was skilled in all the fashionable accomplishments of the day. She was not only an admirer of the fine arts, but studied and practised them with an ease and accuracy peculiar to herself. Reduced, by an unfortunate marriage, from splendour and affluence to a state of penury and embarrassment, she languished for many years between hopes and fears, expectancies and disappointments. The affections of her husband

seemed to fly, as difficulties approached ; and at length, in order to secure his own personal safety, he embarked for the Continent, leaving his wife and two infant daughters to mourn his absence amidst the clamours of unfeeling creditors. From time to time he amused her with promises that he never meant to realize ; and at last totally gave up a correspondence that was calculated but to feed the credulity of one, and to expose the falsehood of the other. Though melting with sensibility as she reflected on his conduct, her heart gradually ceased to beat with fondness. "It is only by epistolary communications" says an ancient Sage, "that absent friends can keep alive the tender affections of the soul ; when *they* are neglected, *these* naturally die away. Letters bring friends at a distance into each other's society ; they converse together, and are happy. But when long intervals of silence ensue, indifference is naturally engendered ; and when writing ceases, it may reasonably be conjectured, that all attachment is at an end."

Henrietta, hoping to conceal from the world the trifling conduct of her husband, never suffered a complaint to fall from her lips, nor a sigh of despair to issue from her bosom ; though she now too plainly saw that an eternal farewell was pronounced to the tenderest ties of nature. Remittances and an order to follow, were long looked for in vain—they never came. Unwilling in this situation to throw herself on the bounty of friends,

she formed the resolution of exercising her talents in support of her dignity. It would only be turning amusement to use, she thought, and by adding to a small independence she inherited from her father, would relieve her from the painful necessity of applying to relations for assistance, to enable her to bring up her children suitably with their birth and rank in society. Accordingly she went to work, and in the course of a few weeks produced a picture that would have done credit to an artist of eminence. The fine touches of her pencil, the lively tints of her colouring, the expression of every feature and the just proportion of her objects, all combined to disclose her mighty genius, and to shew that *she was complete mistress of the art.* But of what avail? The opinion of a professional dealer was consulted as to the value of the piece; who, though he allowed it to be "*exquisitely finished,*" still, after putting the usual interrogatory, "*Who was it done by?*" declared, "that if it were put up to sale it would fetch—*nothing!*" the painter's name being unknown to the lovers of the fine arts, and consequently carrying with it no renown to draw forth the attention it deserved."

"How, sir!" ejaculated the friend who was employed in this business, "do you mean to say, then, that the admirers of the fine arts are not capable of judging of the merits or defects of a performance; and that they commend or disapprove according to the estimation in which the artist is held?"

"Why not exactly so," replied the man of business, "for really the age we live in is *so refined*, that at present, whoever looks on a performance immediately passes sentence on it; not from their own judgment, rest assured, but from the opinions they gather from the critiques that appear in the public prints. '*The Times* and '*The Morning Post* speak in high terms of this thing' cries one;—'*The British Press* gives a flaming account of it,' says another;—'The editors would not speak in such decided terms,' rejoins a third, 'but upon good authority.' 'It is certainly a first-rate performance,' adds an interested bystander. The bold assertion is believed and confidently repeated, not only by those who *cannot*, but also by those who *are* able, though too idle, to take the trouble to think for themselves; notwithstanding it is well known that it is the custom of the present day, for these candidates for praise to be the heralds of their own wonderful abilities. By such means the public taste becomes sadly vitiated, genius is abashed, and no one ventures an opinion till the ordeal of criticism be passed. However, sir, there may be, *here and there*, a person of taste and judgment to be found among the supporters of the arts and sciences, who can appreciate real talent when they meet with it, though the trumpet of fame may not have resounded in their ears."

"Good, sir, very good," said Katharina's friend, with a slight inclination of the head, as though he

felt the full force of the justice done to the more liberal-minded among his countrymen. "But do?" continued he, "tell me candidly what you think the picture is worth?"

"Well, sir, on the honor of a tradesman, then, I do assure you," returned he, "as the matter stands, it would not fetch more than five or ten guineas; whereas, if a name in any repute among the professed connoisseurs, were attached to it, executed in *that* style, it would in all probability sell for an hundred!!!"

Thus much for the judgment of *professors*, *connoisseurs*, and *amateurs* of the present day! It must be allowed, however, that a reputation established on good grounds, is a precious recommendation. But, it should likewise be remembered, that there must be a foundation whereon to raise a triumphal arch. Katharina, it was supposed, had laid this foundation to a nicety; but experience soon convinced her that it was not in the power of human skill or industry, without the aid of able supporters, to expect the least encouragement from the school of arts by talent alone.

Justly indignant, when the result of this interview was communicated to her, her noble spirit disdained the pitiful reward; thinking it as derogatory to the arts, as to her own deserts. The picture in consequence remains in her possession, and helps, with many others of her performance, to ornament a neat little cottage, where the sciences, in sweet retirement, join hand in hand and

flourish in obscurity. Thus are the efforts of modest genius damped and restrained by modern connoisseurs.

The following anecdote, related of Professor Porson, who was often in pecuniary difficulties, is another sad instance of the neglect and mortification to which talent is so often fated:—

On one occasion he came with a dejected air to a friend, and said he had been walking through the streets of London the whole morning, thinking how strange it was, that not one of all the crowd he had met should know as much about Greek tragic verse as himself, and yet, that he could not turn his knowledge into a hundred pounds!

NUMBER III.



ON BENEFICENCE.

While pity thus her virtuous aid employs,
 She shares in others' wants, in others' joys.
 Yet should not friends alone her bounty find;
 Strangers have claims upon the feeling mind.

IN justice to the kind-hearted VIRGINIA, and the benevolent virtues of her soul, the tribute of praise, due to her disinterested conduct, should not be withheld. May the recital of her noble generosity stimulate others to a similar line of conduct.

She had been the companion of Katharina's youthful days, had shared her vicissitudes in the meridian of life, and was now resolved to be the partner of her griefs and comforts in retirement. She had no debt of gratitude to pay—no selfish ends in view; attachment to her old friend, and the affection she felt for her children, alone instigated her to support them in their trials, and to testify the sincerity of her regard by her constancy. She dealt not in professions, but followed the dictates of a liberal and honest heart. Mark, then, the difference between *words* and *actions*.

Virginia could weep with the unfortunate—be moved with compassion even for a brute in distress—and fly to the relief of pain wherever it came within her knowledge. Her feelings were manifested by *actions*, not by *words*. Without weeping aloud, she would dry up the tear of sorrow. No extravagant exclamations burst forth to denote her sympathy;—no hysterical affections were displayed to betoken her tenderness. Without talking of her sensibility, her christian virtues shone conspicuously.

True Christianity ~~softens the heart~~, directs the conduct, and shews itself in benevolence, charity, compassion, and all the relative duties of this life. The affectation of it displays itself in empty sounds and seldom produces a gracious act; though it frequently calls forth unmerited applause, from those who are led into a belief that the *professing saint* is all that he appears to be. And it is by no means uncommon, to see those who can pour forth a torrent of eloquence in declaring their *inability* to render a service at the critical moment, and make a reserve of a donation by attaching an *if* or a *but* to their unmeaning promises, gain more credit with half the world, than many whose honest sensibility propels them to acts of generosity without so much as letting the object of their concern suspect that they are moved. But superficial observers are too apt to suffer their understanding to be imposed upon by specious pretences, and to close their senses against unassuming virtues.

Let it not be suspected, however, that Virginia's liberality was thus requited, when she withdrew herself from the busy world to be the solace of her friend in retirement. No;—Katharina's heart was in unison with her own, and she knew as well how to *receive* a benefit as Virginia did to *bestow* one.

Without Virginia's friendship she would have been lost; for she not only shares her affections, but her whole fortune; by which means she has the satisfaction of seeing her daughters, as they grow in loveliness, improve in mind, and attain the most useful acquirements. Virginia assists in their education, and debars herself of many indulgencies, to contribute to their support and instruction. "*I will do what I can for you, my friends, while I live,*" is her constant maxim, "*and not cause you to rejoice at my death, by leaving you to enjoy that which I cannot take with me!*"

Thus she heaps upon them everlasting obligations, and keeps alive a warm affection; and will no doubt be rewarded in her old age, by the tender assiduities and grateful attentions of her amiable protégées;—for she has not only given them her time, her counsels, and regard; but has increased their knowledge, added to their accomplishments, and, without making the least reserve against accidents or the infirmities of age in this life, consoles herself with doing the will of her heavenly Father, and heaping up treasures in heaven, when the riches of this world shall be lost in the general

wreck. Thus, in spite of the privations she necessarily undergoes to effect the good purposes of her benevolent disposition, she feels an inward satisfaction that gladdens her heart as she reflects on the happiness she administers; and that to do good and distribute, are sacrifices with which God is well pleased. Such reflections more than compensate, she cheerfully declares, for the inconveniences she suffers by what the more worldly-minded would call an *improvident* generosity. But this might be a too hasty surmise! There is a charm in benevolence of so powerful a nature, that while it works upon the sensibility of those on whom it is exercised, gives peace and satisfaction to those who practice it; and relieves them, in a great measure, from the weight of worldly cares to which every human being is subject. It expands the heart, frees it from all selfish views, and disposes it to enter into the griefs and joys of others. In short, a benevolent mind is one of the greatest blessings bestowed on man. It leads to the constant discharge of social duties; not through ostentation, but for *conscience*' sake. The person who possesses it, feels a satisfaction within that wealth can never purchase.

Our lives may be made happy by promoting the happiness of others, whether we be rich, or whether we be poor. A compassionate feeling for the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures, will prompt us to comfort the afflicted—to instruct the ignorant—to correct offenders—and to counsel the

ungodly ;—deeds that will serve as letters of credit when we reach our destination, and contribute to make us happy in the mansion prepared to receive us at the end of our journey, though we may experience but little benefit from them in this nether world.

Can advantages of a sublunary nature be put in competition with these? Reader, reflect if such considerations be worth attending to; and let not the ingratitude of man arrest thy charity, check thine hospitality, or retard the generous purposes of thy soul. The recording Angel will fly with the register of thy deeds to heaven, and there thou wilt meet a just reward!

NUMBER IV.



ON SENSIBILITY.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
 (Tho' grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense;
 Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

THOUGH plausible excuses, with expressions of sorrow, are too frequently made to the unfortunate, without an attempt to alleviate their distress; still must we allow that the tender sensations of pity are not extinct in the breast of man. Those who have been the most exposed to the buffets of fortune, it is usually said, are the readiest to sympathize with their fellow-creatures in trouble—yet not always so. The gay, the opulent, and the needy are each in their turn touched with the sufferings of a fellow-creature, and each have a heart to sooth, and a disposition to relieve pain, in whatever shape they may behold it. Brutes, as well as human beings, feel the happy effects of their kind nature, as they hasten upon all occasions to render a service in the moment of need. Witness the manly deeds of tenderness, as well as the mental energies

exercised by the author of the Farmer's Vision ; and the ever active exertions of the tender-hearted Member for Galway, whose unwearied efforts in the cause of humanity, so often put in motion the risible faculties of those beings to whom the tender sensations of pity seem to be unknown. That beings born to sympathize with all God's creatures thus, should ever feel the anguish of domestic woes, is much to be deplored. But undisturbed repose is not the lot of man, and seldom the reward of sympathizing souls on earth. The susceptibility of a feeling heart lays it open to every soft impression, and it is often liable to be influenced by improper objects. These are sad reflections ! But perfection, let it be remembered, is not to be ascribed to earthly mortals.

There are too many, however, who are almost strangers to the tender sensations of pity ; and as insensible to the distresses of the human race, as they are to the sufferings of the brute creation. Accustomed to one continued round of pleasure, and enjoying every comfort riches can afford, they can form no just idea of the miseries under which a multitude of their fellow-creatures are languishing. In stepping from their carriage, they are perhaps touched for a moment, by the cries of some poor wretch, imploring a halfpenny worth of charity ; they drop a sixpence, which they consider lent upon good interest ; think they have covered a multitude of sins, and are satisfied with their bargain. But the unfortunate per-

plexities in which a more respectable class of the community is often involved, rarely reach their attention or awaken their sympathy; but in the pages of romance. If *there* they meet with a suffering hero, or a persecuted heroine, they can weep over the imaginary woes, and display admirable tokens of tenderness.

Such sensibility, if it do not move those who possess it to acts of kindness and humanity to real objects of commiseration, is of no avail, and does them little honour. But a soul replete with sentiments of pity, possessing a heart to execute the dictates of a sympathizing mind, may be truly stiled the Man of Feeling. He will extend his compassion to all God's creatures in distress, whether man or beast.

What fine feelings of commiseration has Cowper demonstrated in his admirable Poem of *The Task*. "He has therein given to man," says Lord Erskine, "a golden rule for his conduct towards the lower world; which we should do well to study and to follow. The latitude he allows for our acknowledged dominion, is said to be amply sufficient."

"The sum is this—if *man's convenience, health,*
Or safety interfere, *his rights and claims*
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are *all*—the *meanest* things that are
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all."

“The whole subject of humanity to animals,” says Lord Erskine, “is so beautifully and strikingly illustrated in this admirable Poem”—alluding to Cowper’s Task—“that no parents ought to be satisfied until their children have that part of it by heart.”

As a specimen of his Lordship’s heroic *conduct* in the cause of humanity, which he so ably supported in the House of Lords, when he introduced a Bill to prevent Cruelty to Animals; the following occurrence may not be considered as unaptly reverted to.—It is worthy of being recorded, both to shew the magnanimity of his Lordship in the cause he so eloquently espoused, and as an example for the imitation of those who may have the courage to *prove* the sensibility they boast, by *acting* in conformity with their professions.

“A mad dog! a mad dog! knock him down,” was echoed from all quarters, as his Lordship, wrapped in deep meditation, was one day walking up Holborn Hill, on his return from the Court of Justice in which he had been pleading the cause of persecuted innocence. Roused in a moment from his contemplations, he looked around, caught sight of a little panting animal flying from the fury of his pursuers; snatched him up, as he was endeavouring to escape, and with seeming unconcern, walked on with the dog under his arm.

“The dog’s mad, sir, the dog’s mad, see how

he foams at the mouth," cried one. "He ran straight forward with his tail between his legs," said another. "Knock him down," vociferated a third. "Mad!" ejaculated his indignant and undaunted friend, "the dog's no more mad than I am, and not half so mad as yourselves."

"Knock him down—knock him down," was notwithstanding still the cry.

"Well then, if you are determined to knock him down," returned his Lordship, "knock away—but recollect you must first of all knock me down,"—and so saying he deliberately marched forward, with the dog still under his arm, to the consternation of the gaping crowd, who, as he triumphantly bore the little victim off, expressed their "*idiot-wonder in their looks*," and suffered him to proceed without further molestation, or presuming to oppose his Lordship's will.

The expressive gestures of the animal, as he looked his protector in the face, and the sensations of joy and thankfulness he manifested, when, secure from further persecution, he was set at liberty; said enough, to shew he had a sense of obligation to his deliverer. In fine, he followed and skipped about his Lordship, till he reached his Villa, about five miles from the scene of action; was hospitably admitted, to partake of the good things of this life; and probably, for many years,

"Free from envy, care and strife,
Liv'd a sweet contented life,"

To support a system of equality among men or brutes, or between them, would be frivolous, censurable, and contrary to the Divine order of things ; nor should the instinctive properties of the *latter* be held in competition with the reasonable faculties of the *former*. Still it must be confessed that the dumb shew of animals, if it do not betoken the *fine senses* of a *rational creature*, at least, it denotes the *sensibility* of a *human being*, and impresses upon the mind, that there is sometimes more honest eloquence in the *wagging of a dog's tail*, than in a volume of studied phrases sounded on the ear. While the one forces the stream of nature through the flood-gates of a noble heart, and makes a lasting impression on the mind ; the other dies away with the fine speeches that too often close every grateful sensation ; and thus serve but to check the activity of benevolence and philanthropy.

Reader. But to talk of the honesty and eloquence of a dog's tail ! was ever any thing so ridiculous ? Really it's quite absurd.

Author. Articulation is the privilege of man, but too often does he abuse the gift. Hypocrisy supplies him with unmeaning words, that are no sooner uttered than forgotten. But the expressive gestures of inferior animals speak the language of sincerity and truth. Their mute tokens of joy, gratitude, and attachment, speak more to the heart than all the flowery speeches the gift of utterance can bestow. However ridiculous the hypothesis

may appear, their mode of expression, though different from ours, is sufficiently plain and comprehensive to convince us they have a language. For what can a method of expressing their meaning be termed, but a language.

“*Man*” said the exile of St. Helena, “is *merely a more perfect animal than the rest—he reasons better.—But how do we know that the brute creation have not a language of their own? It would be presumption in us to say they have not, because we do not understand them.*”

Their language, however, is by no means difficult to understand, when addressed to the human species. An affectionate wag of the Spaniel’s tail, welcomes the master home, and seems to say, Where have you been? How glad I am to see you back again. At the sound of the bugle, the animated hunter pricks up his ears, and says to his rider, I’m off—and off he starts. Grimalkin, if you chance to tread upon her toe, swells with anger, raises her back, waves her tail with graceful motion, and casting a malicious and indignant look, seems to vow vengeance on you for ever. And, that they have a method of discovering their meaning to each other, is, in fine, too obvious to *reflecting* mortals to be doubted. Their instinct is so nearly allied to reason, that the difference in some instances is scarcely comprehensible to the human mind. Thought, as well as sensibility, seems to form a part of it.

“ So great a veneration had the Athenians for

the brute creation," says history, "that when they had finished the temple, called Hecatompodon, they set at liberty the beasts of burden, which had been chiefly employed in the work ; suffering them to pasture at large, free from any other service. And one of these, it is said, subsequently came of its own accord to work, and placing itself at the head of the labouring cattle, marched before them to the citadel. This so pleased the people, that they made a decree, that it should be kept at the public charge so long as it lived."

"Ye gentlemen of England" who transfer your high metted racers, your pampered hunters, and your labouring cattle to carriers, stage proprietors, and hackney coachmen in their old age, can ye reflect on such inhumanity without a blush?

"Goodness" says Plutarch, "moves in a larger sphere than justice; the obligations of law and equity reach only to mankind, but mercy and beneficence should be extended to creatures of every species. A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only when they are young, but when old and past service."

How different were the feelings of Cato on this subject, who informs us that, "*when he was Consul, he left his war horse in Spain, to save the public the charge of his freight home.*" This was rather hard-hearted economy. Whatever commendations he may be entitled to, for his patriotic zeal and regard for the public good, he cannot in this instance be complimented on his sensibility !

NUMBER V.

**ON NATIONAL SPIRIT.**

*For all who write expect applause,
However good or bad their cause.*

TO complain of the vices and follies of the age we live in, without attempting to correct them, or to promote morality, is by no means uncommon. Whether it may arise from an error in judgment, or indolence of disposition, it is equally blameable; and may be accounted little better than commiserating the distresses of a fellow creature, without offering assistance towards his relief. In times, therefore, when youth is seduced by false reasoning, the timid ridiculed into fashionable follies, and the unthinking led into gross errors; every one is called upon to exert his powers to check the progress of evils so injurious to society, and the well-being of future generations.

“Addison,” it is remarked, “who seemed always to have had the good of his country at heart and the improvement of men and manners in view, was ever solicitous to explode popular errors and to bring virtue and religion into practice and repute.”

Though it cannot be expected that every age will produce an Addison; still every well-wisher of his native soil—every child of reason, however feeble his abilities, may step forward with his pittance according to his means. . Shall the press teem with seditious pamphlets and profane publications for the encouragement of impiety and faction, and the energy of an honest heart be killed into sluggishness, and contribute nothing towards the repelling such encroachments on the public peace? Forbid it, Heaven! Let not the slow-paced motions of a zealous friend be lost in mild forbearance or apathy of spirit, while the rapid strides of hostile invaders bring us into confusion! Duty imperatively calls the meanest powers into action to oppose the progress of the latter, and to animate the lukewarm proceedings of the former.

“But can this be done without a name that would add *validity* to such an undertaking?” demands a gentleman of farcical notoriety in the fashionable world; “You’ll not be noticed *depend up—on* it, in the present refined state of society.” Then quickly turning to a facetious friend without waiting a reply; and drawing his chair in front of her Ladyship’s in order to command her whole attention,—“Do you know, my Lady Sarcasm,” continued he, in the same breath, “I’m going to write a Play! I wish your Ladyship would condescend to give it a name?”

“What! Christen your offspring before it’s

brought forth? I never heard of such a thing. No, no;—before I enter into any engagements I must be convinced.”

“Of what, my Lady?”

“That it’s no unnatural production, that’s all, Sir Prolix; merely that it’s worthy of being ushered into the Christian world.”

“Oh, fie! your Ladyship is really too sarcastic. But stop now,” stroking his chin as he spoke and stedfastly looking her in the face, “suppose we call it—No.—Let—me—see;” then after some deliberation—“*Well now*, what do you think of ———”

“*Why now*, to cut the matter short, Sir Prolix, I’ll tell you what I think;—if you will but produce the Farce I’ll give it a name.”

“Will you indeed?” rapturously exclaimed the dramatic Hero.

“Indeed—indeed,” re-echo’d my Lady.

“Well, then your Ladyship will at once make amends for all your severity. But do now, there’s a good creature, give it directly, without keeping me in further suspense; you can’t think how it will help me on.” Then drawing his chair a little nearer,—“Come now, set me off with a good name, and I shall ever consider myself your Ladyship’s most devoted and very humble servant.”

“*NONSENSE*,” ejaculated her Ladyship, “*set yourself off*, and don’t tease me. I’m perfectly annoyed with names and titles, and patronizing one stupid thing or another. It’s time to draw a

line, and only to countenance such productions as come well recommended."

"If your Ladyship has no more consideration for a friend in a dilemma than *that*," returned the bantered Petitioner, "I'd better, indeed, *set myself off*;" and immediately rising from his seat, with a respectful bow, he withdrew from the unfeeling satire of his fair friend.

The piece in question was brought forward, however, the ensuing season. But alas! the title suggested by her Ladyship condemned it at once to the malevolence of public criticism.

Thus much for a title. But "WHO WAS IT WRITTEN BY?" asks the inquisitive spectator.

If *modesty* induced the author to retire from observation, shame on *curiosity* to search out his retreat! It is base—it is unkind—it is uncharitable;—nay, it is barbarous. Forbear, then, to haunt him in his retirement, or to break in upon his privacy.

NUMBER VI.



ON IDLE CURIOSITY, AND MORTIFYING CONJECTURES.

Not that it boots the world a little,
 Whether an author's big or little;
 Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
 No writer's hue concerns the town.

SUSPEND then your curiosity, gentle reader, and exercise your judgment, without searching into the birth, parentage, kindred, reputation, or motives of the writer; nor endeavour to grope out his whole pedigree and connexions as criterions, by which to guide your opinion of his works. Let it suffice, that an author is a human being like unto yourself. Whether old or young, rich or poor, male or female; whether dignified by a dashing title, or honourable without one; are circumstances of little importance to those who are inclined to search for **SOMETHING NEW**.

“Authors,” it has been observed, “are seldom held in the same esteem by near approach, as they are by being viewed from afar.” At all events, it is an awful thing to stand the test of scrutiny. The most confident have been known

to shrink from it ; and the timid dare not encounter it. These considerations should justify the concealment of a name, where the author's feelings suggest the propriety of it.

The writer of a book, it ~~must~~ be confessed, however brilliant his talents, is in a pitiable plight. He is not only exposed to universal criticism, but has a thousand other mortifications to encounter, both in private and in public, both from friend and foe. One finds fault with his style, another with his language ; a third concludes he is reduced to the necessity of living by his wits ; a fourth sarcastically observes that he has no wit to live by ; a fifth that he thinks himself mighty clever ; a sixth that he is nevertheless a mere blockhead ; a seventh stares him out of countenance, as she whispers to her neighbour behind her fan ; an eighth wonders, for folks will wonder in this wonderful age, what possible motives he can have for publishing his thoughts to the world ; and a ninth supposes that he is aspiring to the celebrity of a Scott, an Addison, or a Johnson, according to the nature of his writings ; and that he seems to have vanity enough to imagine that his opinions will have a mighty effect on the minds of his readers ; but he's mistaken, says a tenth, we can judge, perhaps, much better than he can write ; with all his profundity of knowledge or exuberance of imagination ! I only wonder at his presumption.

Query. Which of the two has the greatest

presumption, or the largest share of vanity ; he who writes, or he who criticises ? At all events, the latter has the easiest part to perform, and runs less hazard of suffering in his reputation. For, as the ingenious Author of a celebrated Novel has observed, “ *Though all are not able to write books—all conceive themselves able to judge them.*” Still so guarded are these critics, that few will venture to give their own candid opinion of a work, until it has passed the ordeal of criticism in the public prints ; lest their judgment might be called in question, should they happen not to be in unison with the oracle delivered therein.

“To promote morality and to repel mischievous invasions on the good order of society is, at all events, a duty we owe to the king, our country, and ourselves ;” observed Scriblerus, “and must be deemed a commendable undertaking by every well-disposed member of the community, whether the effect be produced or not.”

“Commendable enough it may be, but methinks it is not a *little* presumptuous in a private individual, that nobody knows or cares about, to talk of repelling encroachments of the nature you describe, and of promoting the morality of a nation !” observed a fair friend. “You argue bravely, and aspire to no little renown in the world, methinks.—But no doubt, you are propelled by stronger motives than *philanthropy, loyalty, or patriotism,*”—added she, with a sarcastic smile.

“You may be mistaken,” said he, “but if such be your conclusions, it might be as difficult, perhaps, to convince you of your mistake, as it would be unnecessary for me to declare my motives. Some write for this cause, some for that, and few possibly are actuated by the spring by which they profess to be put in motion. At all events, no one should suffer himself to be deceived with the impression that *his* exertions are needless, because abler hands may be at work. Supineness and apathy, under such circumstances, are reprehensible.

“A person of moderate abilities, however obscure the individual, however private his station, may render a service to his country, by stimulating his fellow-man to deeds of honour, justice, and humanity; and exercising his powers for the preservation of social virtues. But lest you should suspect me of insincerity, I shall away with this subject; and whether stimulated, as you seem to intimate, by the desire of fame—the hope of gain—or the solicitations of friends—I shall now leave you to guess. Were I brought to confession, the *latter* might be thought too compliant, the former too presumptive: and as to profit, that is usually divided between the bookseller and the printer; who make a tolerable living by the wits of their employers, while the author, excepting in extraordinary cases, seldom comes off even second best. So that——”

“You would fain make us believe that you

write *pro bono publico* at last," interrupted his fair banterer.

"In this age of incredulity," answered he, "it would be in vain, I fancy, to attempt to make you or any one else believe what you are inclined to doubt—but I must confess, though I cannot aspire to fame, that public spirit prompts me to exercise my faculties as far as I am able, for the good of the community at large; and the pen of some ready writer, whose name may give importance to argument, may probably gather renown, from hints and suggestions made by an humble individual. If statements, however, are solid and convincing, it is of little consequence by whom they are made.

"To be the little propelling instrument to set some giant genius at work, would be my greatest pride; I shall persevere therefore in my design, and make the attempt, in spite of your raillery, and perhaps, bring you to book by and bye, if you don't mend your manners. The exposure of slight improprieties, it is well known, has considerable effect upon the economy of human life. To reflect on the follies of the age we live in, has ever been considered worthy of the poet and the moralist. Even trifling errors, when held up to public view, shrink from the exposure, and are contemplated with aversion. Consequently, the humble writer of the common occurrences of life, may be as instrumental in improving the manners of the people, as the greatest philosopher, with all

his rhetoric. And it cannot but be admitted that, whoever prevents a fellow-creature from sinking into depravity, or assists him in upholding his virtue, by whatever ~~means~~ the task may be accomplished ; *that* individual may be said to have some share in *promoting the morality of a nation*, and, *of repelling encroachments on the good order of society.*"

NUMBER VII.



ON THE SABBATH.

I do resolve while here I live,
As I'm in duty bound, to give
All glory to the Deity.

FROM the beginning of the world the number **SEVEN** appears to have been pre-eminently distinguished. In several instances it seems to have been venerated above all others, and to have had peculiar advantages attached to it. Besides its numeral signification, it denotes, says the Commentator, *perfection*; several great events being completed in the compass of *seven*. For instance, in the time of Jacob, there were seven years of plenty in Egypt, which were succeeded by seven years of famine.

In Leviticus we read that "*the priest shall sprinkle him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy SEVEN times; and after he be cleansed he shall come into the camp, and shall tarry abroad out of his tent SEVEN days.*" And again in Kings, we see that "*Elisha sent a messenger unto Naaman, saying, go and wash in Jordan SEVEN times, and thy flesh shall come again unto thee, and thou shalt be clean.*"

This number is also frequently used indefinitely to denote a vast many. As in the instance where Peter enquired of our Lord,—“how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?” Jesus saith unto him,—“I say not unto thee until *seven* times, but until *seventy-times seven*,” thereby intimating, as oft as he may, by contrition, seek to be forgiven. But above all, it should be recollected that the Almighty, when He had finished the great works of Creation, rested on the *seventh* day and *sanctified it*.—Gen. xi. 3. When the people became wicked and idolatrous, He renewed, upon Mount Sinai, the obligation of keeping it holy:—“Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, but the *seventh*,” said He, “is the sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do *any* work,” &c. “for in six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth, the Sea, and all that in them is, and rested the *seventh* day; wherefore the Lord blessed the *seventh* day, and *hallowed it*.”—Exod. xx. 9.

From the same Mount the Lord spake again unto Moses, saying,—“Six years shalt thou sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof; but the *seventh* year shall be a *sabbath of rest* unto the land, a *sabbath for the Lord*,” &c.—Levit. xxv. 3. This was called a sabbatical year, from being consecrated to that beneficent God, who, in compassion to the brute creation, and in mercy to the poor, established this benevolent institution;

for the latter enjoyed, not only a relaxation from labour all this while, but had a general release from debt; which was called the Lord's release. Another reason assigned for this institution is, that the earth might lie fallow, in order to recruit its strength.

Besides this, God appointed a grand sabbatical year, to be celebrated every fiftieth year; *seven* times *seven* years being completed at that epocha; which had this advantage over the *seventh*, (Lev. xxv. 9,) it released all slaves, annihilated all debts, and restored to every man all his lands and possessions, however alienated. Criminals, under this humane law, though they had, according to the custom of those times, been sold for slaves, even by the great council of the nation, which was made up of *seventy* senators, might avail themselves of these privileges, and return, in perfect safety, to their homes, to their families, and to their former possessions.

Thus it seemeth, that the greatest reverence was paid to this particular number, from the very birth-day of the Creation; which was celebrated by God himself, in token of the approbation He expressed, when He took a general survey of His works, and pronounced them good.—Gen. i. 31.

When the Israelites, in opposition to the Divine command, went out on the sabbath to gather manna, they were not only unsuccessful in the attempt, but they were severely punished for their disobedience. And a fatal instance of God's

vengeance falling on one of their brethren in the wilderness, for violating the sabbath, is exemplified in the account we read of a man who was found gathering sticks on the day appointed to be kept holy;—judgment was pronounced against him, and he received sentence of death; not for the act in which he was detected, but for his presumption in doing a thing that was forbidden of the Lord.

Thus we see, then, what reverence the Almighty exacts, and ought to experience, from His creatures on earth. The Jews observed their sabbaths with strictness and solemnity. They even prepared their food on the preceding day; and thus having nothing to provide on the *seventh*, their domestics, and every branch of their family, had an opportunity of resting from their labours and joining in the public worship. Blush then, ye Christians, who trespass on these sacred obligations; nor deceive yourselves by attributing to *necessity* such occupations as, through negligence, and in contempt of the Divine command, are left to be performed on the sabbath. For neither *thou*, nor thy *son*, nor thy *daughter*, nor thy *man-servant*, nor thy *maid-servant*, nor even thy *cattle*, are exempted in this sacred command.

“There can be no harm in doing *this*,” says one; “nor can there be any sin in employing myself *thus*,” cries another. If it be no crime to act in direct opposition to the orders of the Almighty, they may be right; but it should be

remembered that the *harmlessness* of the *action* will not atone for the *disobedience* of the *offender*. It should be recollected, too, that the Christian era was ushered in with the same obligation attached to it. The *ceremonial*, but not the *moral* law, was abolished. And as *seven* was a mystical number in the Old Testament, so it is in the New. When the great work of redemption was accomplished, one day in *seven* was again appointed to be kept holy, in commemoration of our Saviour's resurrection; and the number in question was again signalized by many great and peculiar circumstances.

Seven Christian churches were planted in Asia, and *seven* epistles revealed to the beloved Apostle John.—Rev. i. The main subjects of these epistles are comprised in sevens, viz.—*seven* spirits sitting before the throne—*seven* churches, typified by *seven* candlesticks, or branches—*seven* stars, figurative of the *seven* bishops—*seven* seals—*seven* trumpets—*seven* vials, &c. *Seven* spiritual gifts were given for the common good—to one wisdom, to another knowledge, to a third faith, &c. (1 Cor. xii. 8.) which it is our duty to improve for the glory of God and the benefit of His creatures. *Seven* virtues were recommended—*seven* vices condemned—and *seven* spiritual and *seven* temporal works of charity imposed on us, as Christian duties. As Christians, then, let us endeavour to practice the virtues, and to shun the vices. Let us make good use of the gifts

bestowed upon us ; and above all, let us remember to keep *holy* the *seventh* day, in grateful obedience to the Divine Regulator of the Universe, who set it apart for rest and contemplation—that Being who appointed the observance of it on so many great occasions. To HIM we are indebted for our time and talents. To HIM, then, ought a portion of each to be given ; and such a portion as HE, *Himself*, has demanded.

That we must one day render up an account of the use we have made of the talents committed to us, as well as of the manner in which we have employed the time allotted us, is a truth with which we ought to be seriously impressed. If properly reflected on, it would bring many to the conscientious discharge of the duties which they are too apt to neglect, and a reverential attention to the commands of their Creator.

It may not be superfluous here to introduce, for the benefit of Sunday-workers and Sabbath-breakers, a little narrative related of our late illustrious and *truly religious* Princess Charlotte.—It is said, that when Her Royal Highness first took up her abode at Claremont, the house not being completed in all its parts, it was thought necessary to employ some of the workmen a little on the Sunday. The Princess hearing the hammers, enquired *what noise was making*. Being told that the carpenters were under the necessity of going forward with their work on a Sunday, because of the several things that yet remained to

be done; Her Royal Highness appeared much hurt, and instantly directed that they should desist, nor upon any future occasion trespass on the sabbath-day, which should not, she said, be occupied in a way unbecoming the respect which ought to be shewn it; observing at the same time, that nothing could excuse the pursuits of business upon that day, except there was an urgent cause, *a very urgent cause indeed*, “but in the case before us, I am sure,” said she, “no one reason of importance exists for transgressing the decorum that is due to a season set apart for God’s service more especially than the rest of the week.”

The propriety, then, of dedicating this, and every succeeding seventh number, to holy subjects, will not, it is to be hoped, be considered as being *righteous over-much*. Some in this pious age will, in all probability, object to the introduction of sacred matter among the profane subjects of a mere moralist; others may approve the plan: Happy might that author be considered who could silence the critic, and adapt his writings to the taste of every reader. But till then, gentle reader, indulge thy powers of discrimination, and be grateful to the author, who gives thee a wide range for criticism; and if a single perfection should appear among the many striking blemishes, prithee observe and commend them with equal candour.

NUMBER VIII.



ON NAMES AND TITLES.

All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown.

“IT will never do”—exclaimed Mr. Lexicon, of Paternoster Row, to whom Scriblerus hurried with his manuscript, as soon as it was finished—
“It will create no interest without a name, nobody’ll read it, I assure you.”

“And my fears suggest, sir, that my name would carry very little weight with it into the literary world,” replied Scriblerus, “perhaps on the contrary, it might so far influence the generality of readers, as rather to *retard* than *promote* the circulation of my work : for my reserve in society, and love of hearing, rather than of making myself heard, creates a prejudice not very favourable to my genius. In short, sir, from daring now and then to express a sentiment contrary to the *general* opinion, I am, to use the fashionable phrases of the day, quizzed, called blockhead, rallied, or dubbed pedant, just as it may suit the temper, or according to the cru-

dition of those, whose judgment is formed on the report of Newspaper Editors, or partial Reviewers," so much for prejudice. "Partiality, on the other hand, by over-rating my slender abilities, and attributing that to genius, which is only the result of industry, research, and perseverance ; cover me with confusion, and make me feel deficiencies, that otherwise I might not have been aware of. *These*, by a liberal encouragement, lead me on to strive against a herd of barbarous critics, however unequal to the combat ; and *those*, by endeavouring to depreciate me in the eyes of the world, by insinuations as base as they are uncharitable ; if they do not inspire me with the contempt they deserve, at least they force me to bewail the inhumanity of their nature, in uniting their strength to attack a poor defenceless individual, who merely attempts to render an acceptable service to those who venerate truth and justice. And now, sir, you will at once see how injudicious it would be to affix my name to the title page of a work that has to fight its own way in the world ; without the aid of critics, editors, or party. Some, who are aware of my scribbling propensity, have charged me with the folly of *spoiling* paper, and employing my time to *no purpose* ; some have anticipated nothing but chagrin and disappointment as the result of my labours ; and others have prophesied that, at all events, I shall gain little or no renown as an author, should that be my motive for writing—

which they rather judge to be the case, as some people have a tolerable share of vanity and presumption ! But subjects groped out from obscurity, and dressed up in a fine dashing style, are the only things to take now ; and as they do not suspect mine to be the pen of a ready writer, in all probability my efforts will avail me nought.

“ Now, under such circumstances, though they did not occur to me till pointed out by my friends, it would really be the height of folly and assurance to disclose the important secret, particularly as I’ve no pretensions to dash, or romance. ‘ *Home-spun truth*,’ in plain simple narrative, is all I boast. Besides, sir,” continued Scriblerus, “ if you will but take the trouble to look over my manuscript, you will find that some of my subjects are too good, and others too bad, to admit of it. Not that there’s any thing of an impious, seditious, or immoral tendency, but——”

“ Perhaps it might have turned out more to your advantage if it had been so,” interrupted the man of trade, with a significant motion of his head and left eye.

“ But,” continued Scriblerus, without seeming to pay any attention to his insinuations, “ I have certainly taken men and manners for my theme ; and as my representations are drawn from life, many *living* characters are pourtrayed : but those only whose features are the most striking, are placed in a conspicuous light. Individuals of a more common stamp may pass unheeded in the

group ; if they do not, on beholding the likeness to themselves, call out, *that's intended for me.*"

" You do not possess the fears then of a painter I once knew, at all events," observed the man of letters, " who, lest his representation should be taken for a temple, wrote under it, in capitals,—

F A R M.

" Nor did *he*, it seems, possess either the vanity or the assurance of more modern artists," retorted Scriblerus, " or he would have done his best to make the world believe that it was not only a temple, but the very temple of fame !"

" Ah ! very good—very good," ejaculated the man of business, " but to return to our subject. Works of *morality*, I must allow, have been very little encouraged of late. *Faith* upon *common report* is now so generally adopted, that the public mind is completely infected by the contagion which spreads and bewilders the senses 'e're individuals are aware of its baleful influence. In fine, to come to the point at once "*Opinions*," said Mr. Lexicon, " as well as *manners*, have their fashions ; and change almost with every generation ! and you may rely upon it, that now, a *name* is every thing. The rage for novelty too is so great, that any thing new brought forward by a *publisher of note*, will not fail to bring the author's name into repute among the literati of the present day. For proof of my assertion, I need only refer you to the Morning Post of Monday last ; which, after speaking in high

terms of the work itself, sagaciously remarks, in order to influence the public opinion, that——
is the publisher, a circumstance which will of course go far to insure its success, independent of its own merits !”

“ Take courage, friend, a person with your connexions may put your fears in your pocket ; diffidence is an enemy to success ; and timidity, take my word for it, is ill-adapted to the present times.”

“ As to connexions, sir,” said the Knight of the Quill, raising himself an inch and a half above his natural stature ; “ I should deem myself unworthy of them, did I not prefer adding one little sprig of laurel, to borrowing whole branches of renown from their venerable root. I disdain the obligation. No—Let me, with the independent spirit of a British Peer, whose colleagues left him in the lurch, rather advance alone and unprotected on my own ground, than fly under their banners for protection ! And yet, sir, though so proudly brave, I cannot gain the confidence you recommend,” continued he, “ not but I readily admit, where literary fame is once established, the author need only be announced to call forth attention. But in the present instance it would serve but to satisfy the curiosity of some, and create a prejudice in others. With respect to my title, indeed, that might have some weight.”

“ Titles have had a wonderful run of late, to be sure,” replied Mr. Lexicon, “ but still there must be something to support them.”

“ *Merit*, sir, is naturally inferred where an honorable title is bestowed, is it not? Surely no great mark of distinction would be given to an unworthy subject !”

“ Oh ! believe me, friend,” replied the man of knowledge, with a sagacious smile, “ merit is quite out of the question, upon such occasions. The public have long found out that the most contemptible subjects have been brought forward under a specious title. So that *that* mark of distinction commands but little attention at present, I assure you.”

“ They are not totally disregarded, however, sir,” returned Scriblerus, unwilling to give up the point, “ they have still great weight with the majority of mankind, you may rest assured.”

“ At all events, you must not think of publishing an anonymous work, take my word for it,” returned his adviser, “ and as to your title, it is not worth a consideration ; do not for a moment suppose, *that* may be the means of bringing you into notice—they have been too much abused of late to be held in any esteem.”

“ What, sir,” ejaculated Scriblerus, “ you’d have me renounce my title too? Your counsel may be good, but I must confess that I feel as little inclined to relinquish the one, as I do to proclaim the other. A dashing title, you may rely upon it, is a precious recommendation. There is a charm in it by which strangers are attracted, and attention called forth ; it blinds half

the world," continued he with a smile, "and deprives the other half of the power of thinking."

"Gently, friend, gently," interrupted Lexicon, "perhaps I may be more competent to judge, from my daily experience in business of this nature; and, if you will not submit to my suggestions, I must beg to decline any further communication on the subject. Besides," continued he, twirling over the pages of the manuscript, "to cut the matter short, I have already more on my hands than I know what to do with; and *to be candid with you*, the thing *doesn't seem at all in my way*."

Well—thought poor Scrib, you might as well have given me this piece of intelligence before. Thanking him, nevertheless, for his *candour*, though somewhat disconcerted at his want of *courtesy*, "You must allow me a day or two to reflect on your *obliging observations*," said he, and away he trudged with his manuscript under his arm, and feeling as little inclined to adopt his opinion in the one instance, as he was to satisfy idle curiosity in the other. But what's to be done now, "*thinks he to himself*" as he traced his steps homewards. "Why, return to your admonisher," whispered his friendly genius, "and be guided by his better judgment." Never, thought he, though I may consent to meet him half way. So, after mature deliberation, he at length resolved, like other great personages, to sally forth incog. without the fear of being way-

laid and attacked in all directions. Should I be disregarded, or meet with uncivil treatment on my way, said he, the fault is all my own. He who chuses to travel in disguise, has only to submit patiently, like the great Czar of Russia, to the difficulties to which he voluntarily exposes himself."

It is related of this August Personage, that during his sojourn in Holland, when the business of the day was over, he used to amuse himself with rambling about the suburbs of the town; and that in one of these peregrinations, being overtaken by a heavy shower of rain one day, he was about to enter a farm house for shelter; but before he could gain admittance, the boor's wife ran to the door, somewhat discomposed at his appearance, and the unceremonious manner in which he was about to enter her neat little dwelling. "Stop, stop, friend," cried she hastily, "take off your shoes before you come in, there's a pair of slippers," pointing to the mat, "put them on, but I am afraid you'll make my house in a sad mess!" The illustrious stranger, not wishing to make himself known, did as he was desired, and waited patiently in the passage till the rain abated: he then thanked the landlady for the accommodation he had received, and putting on his wet shoes again, walked off, more struck with her cleanliness and candour, than with her courtesy or hospitality.

NUMBER IX.



ON PATRIOTISM.



The Bookseller who heard him speak,
 And saw him turn a page of Greek,
 Thought—what a genius have I found,
 Then thus address'd, with bow profound:—
 Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
 Against the senseless sons of men,
 Or write the history of Siam,
 No man is better pay than I am;
 Or since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
 Something against the Trinity.



“GOD forbid that I should ever receive the reward of blasphemy, by employing my talents in a manner unbecoming a Christian disciple,” exclaimed Scriblerus, “or that I should ever be seduced by the bribe of corruption to desert my country's cause, for the paltry consideration of adding a few pounds to my yearly rents.”

Scriblerus, a man of high spirit and superior abilities, as well known in the literary as in the political and fashionable circles of life, has for many years occupied his time and exercised his faculties for the public good, with a firmness of mind that reflects honor on himself, and a purity

of sentiment that does him equal credit. He has always stepped forward in moments of danger. High officers of state have acknowledged their obligations to him, and have in many instances availed themselves of his timely suggestions. But alas! he is still left at perfect leisure to project anew, or to take up arms against their adversaries, whenever circumstances may occur to call forth his exertions. The neglect to which he has been abandoned, would, long since, have transformed a less scrupulous partisan, with his abilities, into a seditious libeller; or would, at least, have lulled the energy of many a loyal subject. But, with a greatness of soul and strength of mind which few possess, he adheres, most steadily, to his avowed principles, wasting his time and his substance in a voluntary but unprofitable service.

“They manage these things better in France, *and among revolutionary demagogues at home,*” say his friends. The supporters of faction, and the instigators of rebellious tenets, never fail to meet with encouragement,—never fail to be rewarded by their chiefs. Every political enormity that is calculated to inflame the mind, and bring the higher powers into disrepute, is by them, received with transport—applauded with enthusiasm—and recompensed with munificence; whilst many a worthy promoter of national benefits is lost to the country, through the caprice of upstarts in power, or the indiscriminate negligence of those, who have either too much pride

to acknowledge a benefit, or too treacherous a memory to requite one.

When virtuous efforts meet with no encouragement, and the toils of a patriotic subject are repaid with indifference, loyal exertions must at length become dull duties: and public spirit, except in a bad cause, will, if not entirely chased away, at least lie dormant, and cease to inspire individuals of talent and heroism to assist in upholding a nation's glory, or adding to its renown. These neglected beings may justly be compared to the waters of an exuberant spring; which, when carried by gentle currents to the great ocean, though they contribute to its magnitude, are lost in the wide expanse—or to the smaller pillars of a fabric, which, when concealed from view by supporters of greater magnitude, are considered of no importance, and are thought of no more.

Scriblerus might have enjoyed all the comforts of life, aye, and its luxuries too, in peaceful retirement from the political world, had not his loyal and patriotic zeal predominated over all selfish considerations, and animated him to pursue, at the expence of his own comforts, that public spirit which has proved, in times of need, as useful to his country as honorable to his rank and profession.

Disappointed in his expectancies of promotion, Scriblerus sheathed his sword, and retired upon half pay; but in resigning to its scabbard this instrument of war, he took up a more formidable

weapon ; and now fights the battles of his king and country with his pen, instead of his sabre. In these latter campaigns, it seems, his services are no better requited than they were in the former ; though a staunch friend to the cause he advocates and supports in a masterly style. But he's no slave to party, and looks only to *measures*, not to *men* ; by which means he has created a host of enemies, without securing one friend, since the death of the great patriotic statesman who was his first patron, and knew how to value his talents.

He'd do better, perhaps, to write his memoirs. They would be replete with romantic matter. A perpetual victim to the capricious whims of fortune, he is alternately deluded by her smiles, and depressed by her frowns. Now a prey to her malicious taunts ;—then a sacrifice to her insatiable vengeance. In fine, it may in truth be said, he is a living proof that the lives of mortals sometimes abound in the marvellous, as much as do the feigned pages of romance. But such are the dispensations of Providence. And more happy are they whose reason and religion can reconcile them to their lot, than the more prosperous agents by whom the evils of life are distributed.

It is a lamentable fact, that a blasphemous parody on the Litany, a deistical pamphlet, or low publications recommending sedition, impiety and licentiousness, are so freely encouraged by the supporters of faction, that they come teeming from

the press with the most daring effrontery, in defiance of all constituted authority. Contributions are raised; applauses resound; and genius, upon such occasions, is rewarded with unbounded liberality. But an honest patriot, alas! is often left to do penance in a garret, and support a GOOD CONSTITUTION by taking a moderate dinner, after all his trouble, with His Grace of Gloucester, *the good Duke Humphrey*.

Thus exalted, he may *feelingly reflect* on the wisdom and policy of those economists who can silence a *licentious satirist*, by feeding him on the golden fruits of Hesperia; and retain in their service a devoted loyalist, without fee or reward. Such, however, is not the economy of more exalted personages. When they take a share in the government, they are generally easy of access, and individuals are admitted to their presence; statements are attended to, and merit rewarded.

It seems to have been presumed that, like the Roman of old, it would be as easy to turn the sun from its course, as Scriblerus from the paths of loyal and patriotic virtue. So far, then, has justice been done to his principles. He has experienced a long and severe trial, and has proved himself worthy of so honorable a decision.

"Our friends we are sure of," seems to be the compliment of the day, as recent events on the opposite shores have clearly demonstrated!

NUMBER X.



ON LOYALTY.

My Royal Master promised me
 To raise me to a high degree ;
 But now he's grown a King, God wot,
 I fear I shall be soon forgot.
 You see when folks have got their ends
 How quickly they neglect their friends ;
 Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
 Pray God they now may find as true.

WHEN the great Emperor of the Spice Islands was driven from his throne and his dominions, by the revolution that obliged so many foreign Princes to take refuge on the British shores ; the unruly winds and waves, proving as boisterous as some of His Highness's rebellious subjects, drove him, with fury, into one of our northern ports. On his disembarkation, however, he and his august family, were most respectfully welcomed on shore by a distinguished Loyalist, who having an establishment in the neighbourhood, immediately conducted to his hospitable mansion the illustrious, though dethroned Monarch, with all his suite. This retreat, though not altogether calculated for the residence of Royalty, still, he thought, might

prove a comfortable asylum for the moment.—Accordingly, every possible arrangement was made for the convenience of the illustrious visitors, as far as time and circumstances would admit. Beds were prepared; fires blazed in every room; the library was to be used as a breakfast parlour,—the parlour as a nursery; the dining-room dedicated to the use of the ladies and gentlemen of the bed-chamber; the drawing-room turned into a general repository. In fine, the whole house, in a twinkling, was turned topsyturvy; the master and mistress respectfully retiring to distant apartments for the time being, in compliment to the royal guests.

.. So well did the generous-hearted Host know how to render a service in the time of need, without enhancing the obligation, that at the end of a few days, when the Royal sojourners had recovered from the fatigue of their voyage, and intended to take their departure for the great metropolis, they actually called for their bill, supposing they had been all the while at an hotel.—It would have distressed their feelings, thought the noble-minded Host, had they been aware of putting him and his family to so much inconvenience; therefore, without *offering*, he *led* them to his dwelling, hoping they would find it an agreeable resting place till they felt inclined to proceed on their journey.

“And what did they do,” asks the inquisitive reader, “when they were aware of the trouble

they must have occasioned, besides turning the house into utter confusion?"

Do! gentle Reader? Inquire of yourself what you would have done, under similar circumstances, and fancy they did the same. But recollect that Royalty is often kept in happy ignorance; and that the pleasure of obliging meets its own reward. But do not for a moment suppose they were insensible to such attentions. They most condescendingly acknowledged the favor, and took their departure; hoping that, should they ever be recalled to the government of their revolutionized colonies, they would be called upon by their loving subjects to requite their loyalty with something more than thanks; as it was the first wish of their Sovereign's heart, to shew his gratitude for the fidelity and attachment they had ever manifested towards the House of Pimento.

For many years did His High Mightiness slumber, in peaceful security, in foreign courts. At length the King of Terrors "marked him for his own," and all the airy visions of justice, remonstrances and rewards, sunk with the venerable Monarch to the grave; nor did they ever rise again to distract the senses of his heir and successor to the throne.

In process of time, the revolutionary party became weary of the tyranny of the Usurper. A deputation was sent to the Royal Exile, entreating him to re-enter his dominions; and assuring him also of the support of all the ancient nobility, as

well as the chief officers of his late Majesty's navy and army. The transported Prince waited not a second invitation. Messengers were despatched in all directions; and amidst the acclamations of his friends and followers, off he started to take possession of his illustrious father's vacated throne. On re-entering his dominions, he was hailed with joy—he was greeted with enthusiasm—and was triumphantly crowned in his capital, with every demonstration of gladness. He was, in fact, according to Ludeman's prediction, a much greater sovereign, in point of power and dominion, than any of his predecessors had been.

Scarcely was he seated on the Imperial throne, when congratulations poured in from every quarter; petitions presented—reinstatements solicited. His nobles—his officers—his followers in exile would fain have rallied round their Emperor. But—he now thought himself secure without them! The ministers who had kept his father out, he kept in. The officers who had fought against him, he honored with promotions;—his nobles were nominated to posts in foreign courts;—and his humbler friends, were totally forgotten. “Because,” said he, “the latter we can depend upon, they will do us no harm; but the former must be well provided for to keep them quiet.

Such was the policy of foreign courts;—such was the encouragement given to the supporters of faction;—such was the reward bestowed on the defenders of royalty! Every place, both of emo-

lument and trust, was given to those who had been attached to the Usurper, and manifestly inimical to the House of Pimento.

In vain did some ancient servants of the crown who were turned out of office by the invaders, and whose property was seized upon and disposed of to maintain the expences of the war, seek to be re-established. No—it was thought to be inconsistent to turn those individuals out, who had been nominated to the different posts by the late authorities !

In vain did the wretched sufferers whose estates had been confiscated for their loyalty, and were now in the possession of some upstart renegados, petition for a restoration of their property, or some kind of indemnification for the losses that had reduced them from independence and affluence, to a state of beggary. But no;—the property had been transferred so often from one to another, that it would be unjust to take it from the present proprietors ! And as to indemnification, it was quite out of the question.

So, according to the maxim of a late mighty Potentate of the north, they were abandoned to their unhappy fate, and left to reflect on their follies and to starve.

Report affirms, that *once upon a time*, an honest Minister, who had not enriched himself in the public service, was so reduced in his old age, as to be obliged to petition his Sovereign for pecuniary aid ; upon which his Majesty cooly

observed—"I am really sorry for your misfortunes; but since you were not wise enough to take care of yourself, and guard against these difficulties, when I gave you the power to do so, you must e'en abide by the consequence, for I can do nothing more for you!"

In vain, also, did the magnanimous Countess of Java, who had risked her life and her property in avowing her principles and manifesting her attachment to the House of Pimento, solicit the reinstatement of one of her particular friends; though it is asserted that the Dowager Empress, mother to the reigning Prince, actually implored His High Mightiness on her knees, to oblige the Countess who had risked so much for *them*, by doing this one act of justice to a faithful subject, who had abandoned all his property and fine prospects in life, rather than remain in the service under the usurped authority of the invaders; whatever honors he might retain, or whatever personal advantages might accrue therefrom. But no—it did not suit the politics of the day!

In justice, however, to the Empress Dowager, it should be made known to distant realms, that she so thoroughly disapproves of the barbarous system adopted by the new government, that she never follows the Court excepting upon some extraordinary occasion; but lives retired and respected among a chosen few, beloved by a nation that is sufficiently enlightened to value her virtues, and to hold in abhorrence the base politics

of a Monarch who, in defiance of reason and justice, retains in his service, and invests with authority, the upstart minions of an Usurper; to the exclusion of faithful friends and adherents, and the native nobility of the land he governs.

The noble generosity displayed by the Countess, as well as the active loyalty of the individual for whom she interested herself, certainly merited a more gratifying return. The Countess had been attached to the Court from her youth; and so great was her affection for the Royal Refugees, that when the dethroned Monarch started for the coast from whence he was to embark for England, she followed in her carriage, taking an immense sum of money with her, which she handed over to her Sovereign 'e're he took his departure; anxiously fearing that he might not be prepared with a sufficiency to keep up his dignity in a foreign land, or that he might be inconvenienced for the want of ready cash for indispensable purposes, with so large a family.

Notwithstanding these calls upon the gratitude of the reigning Monarch, she was as cruelly neglected as the rest of his friends and followers. Nor was the money, if report speak true, ever returned. She is as rich, however, in principal as in principle, and therefore heeds it not. But her fine spirit disdains to breathe in a Court so contaminated; and has left it in disgust, to spend the rest of her days and a princely fortune in a land where, it is devoutly to be hoped, loyalty

and patriotism will always meet a better reward.

To the honor of Britain and the British Government, the following act of grateful generosity is recorded, and is worthy of being held up as an example to other nations and succeeding ages.—Our second Charles, when closely pursued by the enemy, quitted Worcester, and repaired to Boscobel, a solitary house on the borders of Staffordshire, inhabited by a farmer named Penderell. To this man's care was Charles committed by the advice of the faithful Earl of Derby; and though death was menaced against all who harboured the King, and a considerable reward offered to any one who should betray him, this honest man preserved the most unshaken fidelity. He imparted the secret to his brothers and their brother-in-law Yates; all equally honorable with himself. Having furnished the King with a garb resembling their own, and put an axe into his hand, they accompanied him into a neighbouring wood, and began clearing away the luxuriant branches.—That day proving very wet, Yates's wife brought a blanket to cover him, and a dish of milk and eggs for his refreshment. At night, returning to Richard Penderell's house, his mother joyfully received him, and treated him with an ordinary country supper; which being ended, the King, with Richard his guide, resolved on a journey to Wales, in order to gain the coast and embark for France; which, after many miraculous escapes and strange adventures, they accomplished in safety.

"But he extends his claws!" *"No matter,"* repeated he. *"Does he wag his tail?"* *"He does,"* said the by-standers. *"Then the Lord have mercy upon me!"* ejaculated the man; and the lion, with a horrible grin, closed his jaws and crushed him in an instant.

Equally fatal, and equally ferocious are the acts of crafty upstarts. When elevated to any post of authority, they seldom fail to spread torrents of misery over mankind; and too often imbitter the happiness of their more deserving, though less fortunate fellow-creatures. The bitter draughts you are doomed to receive from their hands must be swallowed; and dose after dose is most copiously administered. At length the patient becomes nauseated; and nature exhausted, sinks under the increasing affliction. Yet, it would be unjustifiable to spurn the destructive potions, or to remonstrate with the compounder of them. Should that be attempted, the death blow would be given at once, and—*"you would fall never to rise again."*

For men of birth, education, and merit, when placed in such a situation, to escape the persecutions of these bold presumers, whose insolence in office is proverbial, is no easy matter; for the greater their superiority in talents and birth, the more jealous envy they create. Where fortune places men of mean capacity in an official situation, it is much to be lamented that the higher powers do not check their arrogance, and teach

them to modulate their tone a little. Without curb, these self-important beings, having no discrimination, and thinking to support a consequence by oppressing all who may chance to be in their power, are sure to domineer with double tyranny over those who were born for nobler purposes than to be subservient to their will; because they ignorantly suppose that they establish their own greatness, by exercising even an authority they have no right to assume; and seeking to lessen the merits of those, who though placed, from untoward events, in less propitious circumstances, know better than themselves.

In the person of Squire Spring-up, we behold one of these pompous gentlemen; who did not fail to think himself of vast importance to the state, as soon as he was raised from a toilsome and subordinate employ, to fill an easy and lucrative situation in a public office. Bowing and scraping, and pretending to every thing, when on the road to promotion, he met with wonderful success. In fine, through the interest of a distinguished Foreigner to whom accident had introduced him, he made his way from the eastern part of the metropolis to the vicinity of Whitehall; and was soon enabled to live in a style suitable with his change of circumstances, and to enjoy comforts unknown to his forefathers.

No sooner was he thus placed above his former occupations, and established in his new situation, than he began to strut with an important air, and

to assume an authoritative tone, that roused the indignation of the gentlemen around him, and disgusted every one who had to encounter his official tyranny. He seemed not only to forget the hasty strides that bore him fortuitously from east to west, and the persons to whom he owed the happy transition, but completely to forget himself, at least his former self; for he was now an Esquire of high degree, and assumed a consequence quite equal to his rank in office. Such insufferable assurance calls for animadversion, and ought to be exposed, as a warning to others. If individuals of such a cast will insult their superiors, oppress all within their power, and brave reproof, they ought to be stigmatized for the benefit of mankind; and to be brought before a public tribunal to be punished for the injustice and barbarity they have practised towards their more deserving fellow-creatures!

The following anecdote may serve as a specimen of the unconscionable audacity of one of these self-important individuals, who seems to have conducted himself with the same degree of arrogance, both in and out of office:—

The friends of a late worthy and able Statesman calling on this *gentleman's* father with courteous condescension, to solicit the favor of a vote that could not have been too prematurely resigned to the worthy Candidate for whom they were canvassing; not meeting with the sire at home, the son, always on the alert to make himself conspi-

cuous, hastened to the committee, and with woful countenance expressed his concern for “the *sad disappointment* his father’s absence from town must have occasioned them,” as he carelessly threw himself into an arm chair ; adding—“he had also to regret that he could not *insure* them the interest they had been so earnestly soliciting in the morning, but that they might rely upon his exerting all *his* influence with his father, in support of the honorable gentleman they had proposed, the moment he returned.”

The consequential air with which this elaborate speech was delivered, excited the utmost contempt ; and the Nephew of the worthy Candidate and patron of the Spring-ups being present, his proffered services were instantly rejected. In short, the Orator was given to understand that his exertions were by no means necessary, and that they would now be dispensed with ; without any *material detriment to the cause he so condescendingly intended to espouse*.

This, however, proved but a slight rebuff to such consummate presumption. A being so insensible to the nice feelings of delicacy, and so unacquainted with the common rules of propriety, it was conjectured, did not feel the force of the satirical reply bestowed on his *bold* oration ; for it was reported that he retired with unblushing effrontery, seemingly transported with his eloquence and imaginary importance.

Such is the extraordinary assurance of plebeian

consequence elated with fortune's favors. The man who was thus boldly presuming on his actual opulence, was enjoying all his comforts through the medium of the honorable Candidate ; and yet so lost was he to all sense of gratitude and decorum, that he betrayed his silly vanity, even in the midst of the representatives of his generous Patron. " But some people know no more how to appreciate a favor, than others do how to requite, or to bestow one."

NUMBER XII.



ON SELF-SUFFICIENCY.

I love my country, from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control.

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WHETHER blockheads or knaves are invested with power, or elevated to a situation above their natural sphere, they are alike injurious to the well-being of society. The world abounds with sad examples of the evils arising from it, and yet, such characters are frequently taken by the hand, and prosper ; to the exclusion of worthier members. Strangers to the noble qualities that pre-eminently mark the man of sense and sensibility ; and bewildered with their good fortune, they bid defiance to justice and decorum, and indiscriminately exercise the mal-practices that self-sufficiency dictate, without the least regard to propriety, delicacy, or feeling.

Without consulting their superiors, they too often decide on the merits of a case, and conceal from them such things as do not immediately tend to their own interest ; or from which they

can acquire no personal renown! How distressing to behold the miseries that such men inflict on their brethren.

The wanton acts of cruelty they commit on those who are obliged sometimes to submit to oppressions which they cannot resist, may justly be compared to the barbarity of Marius, "who, from a common soldier, being raised up to a Consul, not only gave the word for civil bloodshed, but was himself the sign for the execution. Every man he met in the streets, to whom he did not stretch out his right hand, was to be sacrificed." And thus many a worthy fellow-creature was brought to a miserable and untimely end.

When such men are suffered to go on with impunity; those who are quiet spectators of their injustice and oppression, may be said to have some share in their guilt: and it then becomes the concern of private individuals, who have any regard for the welfare of the community, to hold them up as objects unworthy of public support. Shall I see my friend injured, and not avenge his cause?—or iniquitous proceedings against my neighbour, and not endeavour to put a stop to them? The consideration that one human being ought to have for another, and the social ties of nature forbid it. A glaring instance of the grievance complained of, may be traced in the following narrative; and may serve as a caution to the inexperienced and too credulous:—

Philanthropus, a gentleman of talent and ge-

nus, was ever active in exercising his abilities for the general good. Yet was he never known to contrive instruments of destruction to slaughter even foes. His humanity went not so far as to free a multitude of brave men, in one moment, from the miseries of war ; but various have been his exertions for the preservation of human lives, and the alleviation of human calamities. But, alas ! the man of genius has little chance with the man of war : this, by stratagem, carries every thing before him ; that, by candour, loses all. In fine, the bold usurper of another's invention, gets often rewarded for his machinations ; whilst the open-hearted promulgator of a *public good*, is not only sometimes left to starve upon his ingenuity, but is robbed even of his merit.

Among other humane contrivances, Philanthropus, *once upon a time, not a hundred years ago*, brought forward a plan for the preservation of lives and property, *God permitting*, from the destructive elements of wind and water. His suggestions were received with well feigned rapture ; minutely investigated, and approved of. He was highly complimented on his ingenuity ; and “ at all events,” said the great man, who deigned for once to honor him with an interview, “ *should you not meet with a reward to the full extent of your expectations, you may certainly consider yourself entitled to a liberal compensation for the trouble and expense you must necessarily have incurred.*”

Philanthropus certainly did consider himself entitled to a compensation, and a liberal one too, for the anxiety and many sleepless nights his ingenuity had cost him ; independent of his expenses, and the utility of the invention, both in regard to His Majesty's Navy, and the lives of His subjects.

Deceived by the official duplicity of a crafty underling, he incautiously entered into an explanation of his plan, and retired, elate with joy at his prospect of success ; but what was his surprise and disappointment, when, after a lapse of a few days, he was informed by letter, "*that his plan was to be found in some old drafts, and that the utility of it was now going to be proved.*"

What, thought Philanthropus, a thing which you have allowed to be of such national importance, only going to be tried, upon my suggesting it anew ! Aware, however, that it was not for him to make comments of such a nature, to so great a man, he wisely confined himself to home affairs ; and merely petitioned to be indemnified for the expenses he had voluntarily entered into, with a view to save a *nation's property*, as well as the *lives* of his *fellow-creatures*.

"What ? *Remunerate a man for an invention that has been known to the office for three hundred years !*" exclaimed the official bashaw, with whom he had to communicate, "*can you suppose we are going to throw away the public money in that way ?*"

“ Since the merit of the invention is withheld from me,” said Philanthropus, “ all hopes of reward, for what I considered so new and useful a contrivance, are blasted at once. Giving up every claim then, on that score, I have merely to ask the reimbursement of my expenses : and I trust, sir, you will do me the favor, in consequence of my extreme disappointment, the pains I have taken to perfect the contrivance, and the exertions I have made in the cause of humanity and the preservation of national property ; to state to the heads of your office the expenses in which I am involved, by coming up to town for the express purpose of laying before them, a plan of such national importance ; expenses which I can ill afford to sustain, and consequently——”

“ And pray why was I not consulted before you took such decisive steps ?” interrupted the blustering hero. “ You had no authority from *me*, sir, to proceed in the way you have done, so *I* can do nothing for you. Had you explained the thing to *me* in writing, it might have answered your purpose just as well.”

Yes, thought Philanthropus, and your own too perhaps, for like—but comparisons are odious—the thoughts of Philanthropus, therefore, shall be passed over in silence ; and the reader, if he please, may liken them unto a *blazing comet*—a *sky-rocket*—or any thing else, that may strike his imagination.

With certain characters, expostulation is vain.

In the present instance, it was not practicable—for the self-sufficient presumer, without waiting a reply, turned upon his heel, and thus dismissed the individual whose ingenuity he had before admitted “*deserved so well of his country,*” without even the acknowledgment of thanks.

That many staunch friends to the country and to the state, by such means, become dispirited, sink under a weight of disappointments, and are rendered useless members of the community, is too certain. Beings of a superior cast, conscious of possessing virtues and abilities, of which the plebeian gentry, on whom wealth and honors are frequently bestowed, have no notion; cannot but feel indignant and mortified, on finding their talents turned by *them* to useless drugs. When a whole nation is compromised, and reproached for its disregard to justice, by the consummate arrogance of these underlings in office, who at once decide, without referring to their chiefs; the public money may then, indeed, be said to be “*thrown away,*” on those who prove themselves unworthy of the patronage so liberally bestowed on them; though *they* may retain it, in pitiful sums, from the more deserving, by refusing the tributary mite due to patriotic exertions.

While they are enjoying every luxury the country affords them, these economical croakers in office, begrudge the very crumbs that fall from their master’s table, to the man of merit. Such calculators, usurping the power of their

Lords and Masters, too often check a spirit of heroism and nationality ; and deprive the country of advantages it might reap from the exercise of genius and deeds of valour.

That the imaginary consequence of these self-sufficient gentlemen may be humbled, and that the power they assume may be curbed, are events to which the public, in the present state of affairs, are confidently looking forward. And here the following anecdote may serve to shew that they are not looking in vain :—

It is related of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, (and the report is worthy of being recorded in letters of gold) that shortly after his appointment as Lord High Admiral, His Royal Highness, addressing himself to the two Secretaries of the Admiralty, said, **THAT HE BEGGED THEY WOULD CONSIDER THEMSELVES IN FUTURE TO BE MERELY WHAT THEIR DESIGNATION IMPORTED—SECRETARIES ; THAT IS, PERSONS APPOINTED TO CARRY ON THE CORRESPONDENCE, AND EXECUTE THE ORDERS OF THE BOARD : AND THAT IN FUTURE, THEY WOULD CONSIDER THAT IT WAS NO PART OF THEIR BUSINESS, EITHER TO INTERFERE WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE SERVICE, OR WITH THE PROMOTION OF OFFICERS !** How good ! How just ! How wise ! A princely example worthy of being followed by the head of every department, and one that should be recorded in the annals of state, and handed down to posterity,

for the imitation of future generations. When Princes, and the ancient nobility, are called upon to take an active part in the management of state affairs, what may we not expect?—Men, brought up from their infancy with high notions of honor, justice, and principle; must be the best qualified to practise the nobler virtues of the soul. Accustomed from their infancy to make themselves popular, they are humane, indulgent, and condescending in their manners; and betray no symptoms of that ostentation so peculiar to inferior mortals. In short, their conduct is regulated by a wise and diligent education, and they bind men to them by their affability. From a love of knowledge, they encourage literature and the liberal arts and sciences, and bring the talents of individuals into action. And they keep in awe those consequential gentlemen, who are so apt to presume on the privileges that are sometimes granted by injudicious masters.

Men who aspire to consequence, merely from the situation they hold, would do well to reflect on the saying of Epaminondas, who, upon his appointment to a public post beneath his rank, observed that—“ *No office could give dignity to him who held it; but that, he who held it might give dignity to any office.*”

NUMBER XIII.

**ON THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.**

Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by careless Ministers of State.

HUMANICUS, a gentleman of noble descent, was born in affluence, bred in splendor, and for many years lived in opulence. His natural genius was cultivated by an excellent education; his manners were gentle and unassuming; and had received a polish among the first classes of society, both at home and abroad. In short, his superior qualifications fitted him for the important station he filled in life; and his obliging civilities gained him the good-will and commendation of all who knew him. But, alas! his active zeal in the service of government, created a mean jealousy in the breast of an assuming upstart; who, by representations as false as they were malicious, base, and uncharitable, at length succeeded, with a higher authority, in doing him an irreparable injury, and blasting all his fair prospects. As a subtle reptile he darted his venom, and gave the deadly wound e're the unsuspecting victim was aware. Protected by the shield of office, he ad-

vanced and gave the blow, and it proved a fatal one. Thus, do these overbearing and malignant beings often cast a gloom over a brave man's life, and consign many a valuable member of society to wretchedness and obscurity.

In private society, where the laws of good order preside with impartial sway, every individual, free from that power which protects official arrogance, may do himself justice, and check the malevolence that these shielded heroes practise with impunity ; but as art and cowardice usually go hand in hand, they are generally too circumspect to lay themselves open to the chastisement of those they can wound, without any fear of correction.

With a social disposition, Humanicus possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. But, he was one of those happy mortals, who enjoyed the present, without considering the future. Noble, generous, and sympathetic, he lived more for his friends and fellow-man, than for himself. "*Charity begins at home,*" was an adage that never blackened the page of his journal. The omission, whispered comfort to his soul ! But it shielded him not from the keen censure of an ungrateful multitude, when a change of circumstances checked his wonted bounty. His obligations to the world were few,—the world to him owed many. In *prosperity* he saw, or thought he saw, himself surrounded by *friends*. In *adversity*, he found he had none. Still the

same benevolence, the same charity, the same hospitality, flowed through his veins ; and *while he had time*, he was resolved to do good unto all men. Nor could he enjoy the comforts of life in his prosperous days, without making every one happy around him, and sharing his superfluities with his needy brethren, in whatever way they might require them. Regardless of the perishable harvest, that a wise economy might have amassed, for the season of rest on earth, he trusted that, " he was laying up for himself treasures in Heaven ;" when this sublunary world *and all that it inherits shall be dissolved*. Pursuant to the precepts of our Saviour, he clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and visited those who were sick and in prison. In fine, he had that compassionate feeling for the miseries of mankind, which transferred by sympathy, to his own breast, another's woe. To administer comfort to his fellow-creatures, in every station of life, was his constant practice. He piously might have exclaimed with Job, "*I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him, and I caused the widow's heart to sing with joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame, I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out. The stranger did not lodge in the street ; but I opened my doors to the traveller.*" For thus he relieved the necessities of one, shared the griefs of another, and

freely entertained a third. The *poor* received his *alms*, the *rich* partook of his *hospitality*, and the *unfortunate* were cheered with his *consolation*. To turn from the sight of distress, having the power to relieve, was an omission, that the most slanderous among the censorious could not lay to his charge ; for his heart expanded with Christian benevolence, and he never gave his pity to objects of commiseration, without the succour their sufferings required.

That sensibility, which can melt into tears when listening to a pathetic tale, and can behold, without attempting to alleviate them, the more affecting miseries of unhappy mortals, "*is a feeling,*" says the moralist, "*that does little honor to the person who possesses it ; but where compassion touches the heart, and real benevolence becomes the spring of action ; then it is, and then only, that it may be pronounced a Christian virtue.*" Such was the sensibility of Humanicus :—and the official situation he filled, together with his private means, furnished him with daily opportunities of exercising his Christian virtues. Now a letter of credit from a friend—then a complaint of persecution from a stranger—and next a tale of woe from some afflicted mortal craving his notice.—All were in their turn attended to, as their necessities required. But, alas ! in an evil hour, this worthy man, not having suffered sufficiently by the fortune of war, was doomed to encounter fresh

hardships, under a Government he had served with diligence, zeal, and ability for many years ; and was deprived, at once, of exercising those noble qualities, that not only rendered him conspicuous in society, as well as amiable to all classes of men ; but reflected honor on the department to which he was attached. In fine, past services were buried in oblivion, and the provision that was made for the son of a Nobleman, as a reward for the fidelity with which he had served the country for upwards of forty years, was in one luckless moment snatched from him, and handed over to a stranger. But this was one of those extraordinary events that will happen, now and then, in the best regulated States ; and, is a reflection on the individuals then at the head of affairs, rather than on a Government proverbial for its generosity.

In consequence of a severe, though not very tedious illness, a gentleman was appointed “ *to take upon him the duties of the office during his indisposition,*” and however incredible it may appear, the person thus appointed, was from that moment fixed in the situation ; without a fault being attached, or a single reproof given to the invalid.

Justice, however, is due unto all men. To the inflicter of evils, as well as to the inflicted. A report had been industriously circulated, that the sufferer could not long escape the grim tyrant’s grasp. Application was made for the post still

occupied by the person who had held it for many years, with equal honor to himself, and satisfaction to his patrons and the public ; and though the hasty applicant was not successful, a successor was in consequence nominated—who, as stated above, “ was to take upon him the duties of office, *during the indisposition* of the Invalid.” To call in question the reasonableness of such an arrangement, would be absurd ; but when the person thus nominated was permitted, by the higher powers, to remain in quiet possession, to the prejudice of the Individual, who, on his recovery, in vain sought to be reinstated ; then, indeed, it must be pronounced a most egregious and unjustifiable exercise of power ; and censure cannot but fall on the Minister who permitted it. Whether the interloper came from York or Liverpool for support, it matters not ; he ought not to have been suffered to retain the provision, which being purloined from his neighbour, reduced the latter almost to a state of starvation, while the former feasted at his expense.

Every circumstance, Humanicus, on his recovery, fully represented to those who could, and ought in justice, to have redressed his grievances. Still, year after year rolled on in fruitless expectation and anxiety. Time after time the unhappy victim was assured that his case was under consideration. But, alas ! he was doomed to a retrograde motion, from the moment he reverted to the injuries he had sustained.

He wrote to the minister—received no answer ; petitioned the next great man—a *petulant Secretary*, whose peevish disposition little inclined him to pay attention to a statement replete with hardships and injustice. Misrepresentations had created a strong prejudice against the sufferer ; and he had but one friend, who possessed the virtue to espouse his cause, among the many who *saw* and *condemned* the iniquity that was practised on him. This friend to justice and humanity, as often as he approached the mighty man in power, was as frequently repulsed with hard unkindness, and unfeeling petulance ; so that the injured individual was obliged at last to yield to his unhappy fate, and to retire from the world for ever, on a scanty pittance, scarcely sufficient to supply the necessities, much less the common comforts of life. For circumstances should be taken into consideration, and it should be recollected that what would be superfluity to one man, would be barely sufficient for the support of another. And had not a noble Lord, who was aware of his claims and listened to his complaints ; whose love of justice has been corroborated through life by his upright and impartial conduct, succeeded to the head of affairs, and taken his case into consideration, even this pittance would have been withheld. But these are shocks, to which the honest and virtuous are constantly liable, from indiscriminate negligence, and upstarts in power ! Humanicus was sacrificed to

the malevolence of one of these unfeeling mortals, who had ingratiated himself into the favour of a high officer of state ; and, by gross misrepresentations of circumstances, of which he was totally ignorant, he succeeded in revenging some private pique, unjustly entertained against the sufferer ; and thus accomplished the ruin of a worthy man.

NUMBER XIV.



ON HOLINESS.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ ;
 Distrust embitters present joy :
 On God for all events depend ;
 You cannot want when God's your friend.
 Weigh well your part and do your best ;
 Leave to your Maker all the rest.

"IT is good for man to be afflicted," says the Royal Psalmist. When he is surrounded with troubles and difficulties, they shew him that his whole dependence is on God ; and when they are considered as chastisements from Heaven, they bring him to a sense of his errors, and engage him to a better performance of his duties. "*Before I was afflicted,*" said holy David, "*I went astray ; but now have I kept thy word.*" "*I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.*"

Well would it be for mankind in general, would they follow the example of this Penitent, and turn to their future advantage the afflictions

with which they are oppressed in life, and which they frequently bring upon themselves. Although we must not presume to conclude that every calamity of life is a token of Divine wrath, as such a decision would be as unjust as ungenerous ; still it behoves every individual to keep a strict watch upon himself ; and in all cases, both of sickness and misfortune, to inquire within—Have I deserved the one, or have I myself been the cause of the other ? If conscience reply in the affirmative, chide thyself and profit by the correction. Be not blindly satisfied, like the Pharisee of old, because thou hast been scrupulously attentive to some duties, nor boast a long list of pious deeds to cover thy transgressions ; but rather imitate the Publican, and with sincerity of heart, cry—*“ God be merciful to me a sinner.”*

“ There is a dignity in virtue,” says a great Divine, *“ for which all men have a veneration ;”* and the practice of it, no doubt, contributes to happiness, both here and hereafter ; *“ but there is an excellence in godliness that causes even angels to rejoice.”* It ennobles the soul, and makes every great action which it produces pre-eminently good. It transforms the morality of the Barbarian, and the philosophy of the Heathen, into heavenly virtues. It brings the Christian disciple into the habit of conforming his life and his actions according to God’s ordinances ; and inspires him with that charity which is the soul of religion.

Without true devotion, the performance of our moral duties, as Christians, will avail us nought; and without practising these, holiness sinks into mere ceremony. Remember, then, O Christian, whilst thou art exercising all the virtues of the moralist, thou hast higher duties to perform. The discharge of social obligations, however praiseworthy *in itself*, still is not all-sufficient: nor is the strictest attention to sacred obligations *alone*, of greater weight. The neglect of *either* is a serious omission in the Christian's calendar. It transforms devotion into hypocrisy—good deeds into mere pharisaical parade—and renders that religion incomplete, which would be perfect by the united virtues of holiness and benevolence.

Look into thine heart, therefore, and ask if all be right; nor be too indulgent to thine errors. It will be better for thee to judge thyself severely, and to become thine own admonisher, than to make excuses for thy failings. A scrupulous examination of thyself will teach thee, that though thou may have done one good thing, thou hast left another undone. That faithful monitor which every man has within, will tell thee, perhaps, thou hast visited the sick—thou hast comforted the afflicted—but thou hast neglected that Being who gave thee the disposition to do it. Omit not, then, to inquire of thyself—Have I been grateful to my Creator for the benefits I have received at His hands, or have I only been sensible of the difficulties that have fallen to my lot? Have I

not trusted more to friends and my own exertions, than to His all-powerful aid? Have I kept holy the sabbath day? Have I instructed my family in the pure principles of the gospel? Have I laid open to them those sacred pages, and thereby fortified their minds against the sophistical reasonings of superstitious devotees, the fallacious arguments of wild enthusiasts, and the unscriptural tenets they are too apt to imbibe from false advisers? If thou hast attended to these things, friend, thou hast laid a good foundation for future happiness, though thy joys may be embittered for a time. Hast thou failed in these duties, quickly repair thy negligence. Recollect "*there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth.*" It is not the Papist, the Heretic, or the Schismatic, whose *professions* and *ceremonies* will save or condemn him hereafter; but it is attention to the word of God—purity of heart and life—and sincerity of devotion, that will secure to the true penitent eternal peace in heaven.

"*And now, Israel, hearken to the statutes and unto the judgments which I teach you,*" saith the Lord, "*for to do them, that ye may live, and go in and possess the land which the Lord God of your fathers giveth you. Ye shall not ADD UNTO THE WORD which I command you, neither shall ye DIMINISH OUGHT FROM IT.*"

What can be plainer? Why should people be puzzled to know what is right and what is wrong?

The scriptures declare the whole duty of man, and it is meet and right that we *read* and *abide* by them. The word of God must be the surest guide to heaven. It was written for our edification, and by HIM commanded to be read. Should it then be withheld, under false pretences, from man, woman, or child? Those Pastors who, to the utter ruin, perhaps, of the souls committed to their charge, presume to forbid the reading of the Holy Scriptures, are probably entailing misery on themselves as well as others, by acting in direct opposition to the Divine command. The first duty of a Christian is to *study* the precepts of his Redeemer—the second is to follow them up. A diligent attention to the Scriptures, then, is obvious. They direct us as well in our moral as in our devotional exercises; and enable us to meet the calamities with which we are assailed in this life, with becoming fortitude and pious resignation.

Be not discomfited, then, when troubles assail thee; for if thou love God, that is to say, if thou hold constant communion with Him by prayer, and put thy whole trust in Him, resign thyself with meekness to His will, who at pleasure can bring good out of evil, and be grateful to Him for the blessings bestowed on thee, HE will not forsake thee in the time of need. But if thou neglect HIM in prosperity, take heed lest HE neglect thee in adversity.

David, recollect, who had sullied many noble

actions by the commission of crimes that brought upon him God's anger and heavy chastisement, appeased the wrath of Heaven by his repentance and piety. When Nathan awakened his conscience, by a judicious and beautiful parable, in the case of Uriah, "*I have sinned against the Lord,*" ejaculated David; and no doubt the confession, though expressed in few words, was made with real contrition of heart; "*for Nathan said unto David, the Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die.*" Though he deserved death according to the law, in consequence of his repentance God mitigated his punishment. His great mourning in his affliction, it is supposed, proceeded more from a deep sense of God's displeasure, than from other fears; for, as a truly penitent sinner, he went into the temple of the Lord, when the offspring of his guilt had paid the forfeiture of *his* crimes; and there gave thanks unto God for his mercy, in having spared his own life.

We find his *godliness* went not unrewarded; for he had afterwards a son, on whom the Almighty bestowed such wisdom, honor and wealth, as none before or after ever possessed. He was appointed to succeed his father on the throne. "And David charged Solomon his son, saying, *keep the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways, to keep His statutes and His commandments, that thou mayest prosper in all that thou doest, and whithersoever*

thou turnest thyself; that the Lord may continue his word which he spake concerning me."

Here, then, we see a fine example of resignation to Divine appointments, and a true spirit of devotion—not from necessity, but from a sense of duty, and a feeling of gratefulness. It is on the bed of affliction, that we are sometimes taught the best lessons; and since a portion of good and ill fortune is the lot of man, and advantages frequently spring out of calamities; it is very wrong to utter a complaint against Providence for the one, or to be insensible to His bounty, while enjoying the other. But human nature is frail! and we are as apt to forget the source whence all our blessings flow; as we are to reproach our best Benefactor, for denying that, which in His better judgment He may think proper to withhold from us. David murmured not—his sorrow was turned into joy: he relented—and his sins were forgiven him.

Hast thou transgressed then? art thou afflicted? "*go and do thou likewise.*" Bear in remembrance, that the Scriptures were written for our edification; and that we should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them.

NUMBER XV.

**ON GOD'S JUDGMENTS.**

When Providence, for secret ends,
 Corroding cares, or sharp affliction sends,
 We must conclude it best, it should be so,
 And not desponding, nor impatient grow.

WHEN the proud oppressor becomes oppressed, or the malevolent man is borne down with afflictions ; we are too apt to conclude, that the hand of Providence holds the rod of justice over him, and inflicts the punishment. In charity, however, to our brethren, we should be tardy in our condemnations. It is presumption in us to say, a judgment falls upon a man for some act that we ourselves condemn in him ; though, too generally, one ascribes an evil to this, another to that, according to the light in which he views it.

For example, with respect to the death of Henry the Fourth, of France, it is asserted that " one said he was killed for his licentious amours ; another attributed his untimely end to the circumstance of his changing his religion ; but our mighty Monarch James, who had a natural an-

tipathy to swords and pistols, was of opinion that he was certainly killed for permitting duels in his kingdom."

In the history of Edward the Confessor, it is also recorded, that "Godwin, Earl of Kent," whose estates were swallowed up by the encroachments of the sea, and now form those dangerous banks, known by the name of the Godwin sands, "in order to clear himself from the imputation of having been concerned in the imprisonment and consequent death of Prince Alfred, *wished*, when he was pardoned by Edward for the troubles he had occasioned, *that he might never swallow a bit more bread* if he had been concerned in that diabolical deed. Though the King forgave him, Heaven," adds the historian, "seemed to avenge the cause of innocence; for he was immediately visited by the awful judgment he called down upon himself, being choked" as some say, "by the next morsel he attempted to eat," or, as others assert, "being seized by a fit of apoplexy, as he sat at table with the King, on Easter Sunday, he fell from his seat while endeavouring to clear himself from the aspersion; and being stricken with death, died the Thursday following."

The Almighty, notwithstanding, is slow to punish. How grateful, then, should those offenders be, to whom God extends his mercy for a time. When they, in their turn, experience the evils to which "flesh is heir to," it might be

well for them to look upon their afflictions as temporal chastisements for the injustice, the oppression, or the inhumanity they may have practised on their fellow-creatures. Such reflections would, in all probability, remind them of an hereafter, make them dread the future vengeance of an offended God, and induce them, by a timely repentance, to turn from their mal-practices, and avert the Almighty's wrath.

Man is, perhaps, too apt to attribute that to chance, which seems to be wisely ordered by that omniscient Being, from whom no secrets are hidden. The individual, whose miseries proceed from the oppression of his fellow-man, or from other untoward or inevitable causes, is much to be commiserated ; but, "*judgments are prepared for scorners,*" says the wisest of men, "*and stripes for the back of fools.*"

That there are general, national, and individual judgments, and that we are visited by these judgments in this world, is confirmed by many incidents that fall under our own observation, however charity may be inclined to impute them to natural causes. Do we not frequently see the blasphemer smitten at the very instant he is calling down Divine vengeance on his head?—the murderer tortured from the moment he has committed the guilty deed?—and the cruel perpetrator of inhuman acts punished with immediate inflictions from Heaven? Numberless are the instances that might be brought forward in support of an

opinion not only founded on holy writ, but strengthened by facts falling under our own immediate knowledge. On the fall of man, a judgment was pronounced on the whole human race. In later days, a judgment was inflicted on the Jews for their mockery and contempt of the crucified Saviour of mankind. They remain still in force.

Individually, we find Herod the tyrant and murderer—Saul, the great persecutor of the Christians—Ananias and Sapphira, &c. &c. all suffering, not from natural causes, but from God's judgments, inflicted at the time when their offenses were committed, and on the very spot. Neither are examples rare in the present age. The following is one instance peculiarly striking:

A gentleman of large fortune, well known among the bull-baiting and cock-fighting gentry, encouraged from his infancy to indulge in these inhuman sports; became master of his own actions, a large estate, and immense property at an early period of his life, before he had judgment to regulate his conduct, or discretion to check his passions. Having the means as well as the inclination, of gratifying the most vicious propensities, he gave way to the lowest and most degrading vices. As a party of his abandoned companions, was one day engaged at his Villa, a few miles from town, on a carousing party; that the half hour which preceded the joyful summons to a sumptuous dinner, should not hang heavily

on their hands, he proposed for their amusement, a royal battle, as he termed it, between a famous dunghill and a favorite game cock. "Bravo," ejaculated one, "we shall have some glorious sport" cried another; in short, they all seconded the motion, and the animals were accordingly ordered into the drawing room for their diversion. After fighting a considerable time, the favorite, with the loss of both his eyes, and his legs no longer able to support him, sunk in convulsive agonies on the carpet, while the dunghill crowed a glorious victory. The inhuman wretch, provoked to madness at the failure of his favorite, with all the rage of brutal ferocity, snatched up the defenceless animal, and in his fit of frenzy thrust the poor creature which had won him so many battles, alive, into the blazing fire. While in the very act of holding him between the bars, this disgraceful member of the human species was seized with violent spasms, and was carried off to bed; where, after suffering the most excruciating pangs for two days—he expired, to the horror of those around him, uttering the most piercing shrieks and groans, and yet scarcely deserving pity.

Although we cannot decide, still the vengeance of the Deity seems strikingly conspicuous in the fate of this monster of cruelty. In the severity of his death pangs, it is to be devoutly hoped, that, e're his soul left its earthly mansion, he in some measure atoned for his savage barbarity, by a

hearty contrition. For though the blood is chilled with horror, and the tear of pity for his sufferings is restrained while reflecting on his cruelty ; still, the charitable feelings of a Christian ought not to be paralyzed, where the agonizing pangs of a fellow-creature call for commiseration.

NUMBER XVI.



ON PASSION.

"'Tis God-like magnanimity to keep,
 When most provok'd, our reason calm and clear
 And execute her will, from a strong sense
 Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
 Of heat and passion, which, tho' honest, bear us
 Often too far."

WHERE passion predominates over virtue and good sense, it may reasonably be considered as a kind of mental derangement for the time being. During its paroxisms, the fine feelings of sensibility are destroyed ;—the nobler faculties are all in disorder ;—the whole nervous system is deranged. A momentary revenge starts upon the imagination—the outrage is committed—and the injury done during this frenzy of the mind is often irreparable. Yet, how frequently do we hear a passionate temper extolled, and considered as worthy of admiration. "Oh ! I like a passionate man," says one, "for he tells you his mind at once ; and though he may sometimes be a little more violent than is consistent, still it's soon over. There's Tyrannicus, for example, the best natured creature in the world—wouldn't hurt

a worm in his cooler moments—though he ran his brother-officer through the body the other day, for differing in opinion with him. But he thought no more about it, when the dispute was over, though the provocation was, no doubt, great, at the time. And there's Barbarossa, dear fascinating creature, half killed her favorite pug-dog last week, for jumping on her lap when she was full dressed for a party. To be sure it was very provoking. It *naturally* put her in a great passion, for he had been out in the street, and was all over dirt:—up she started, and gave the poor thing such a kick down a whole flight of stairs, that his leg and two of his ribs were broken in the fall! But she *didn't mean to hurt him*, and was *very sorry for it when her passion was over!*"

So these hasty people may be guilty of the greatest inhumanity—they may insult, cruelly entreat, and even deprive you of life, with impunity; because they act from the effects of a sudden impulse, and execute with despatch?

"How much preferable, after all," says another, "is a passionate to a sullen revengeful disposition. I hate a man that will say, coolly and deliberately, the most cutting things, and yet pretend he is not angry with you." Granted:—a passionate temper may be preferable to a malicious, sullen disposition. But must a rational being be passionate, because he is not sullen? And as to *revenge*, *passion*, while it tyrannizes in the human breast, is full of it. It takes people

off their guard. In that state you behold them without dissimulation—nature breaks out—gives utterance to harsh expressions—declares unworthy sentiments—commits the most inhuman and barbarous acts—and leads, sometimes, to most serious evils. The following anecdote related in history, will add weight, perhaps, to an opinion founded on more recent events :—

“ Prince Henry, youngest son to William the Conqueror, while on a visit to the King of France, winning a considerable sum of money of Lewis, the King’s eldest son, at chess ; Lewis, irritated to a degree of madness, fell into a violent passion, upbraided him with being the son of a bastard, and threw the chess-men in his face. Henry, provoked, snatched up the chess-board, struck Lewis a violent blow with it, and had killed him,” adds the historian, “ if his brother Robert had not interposed. And this quarrel laid the foundation of a war between England and France.”

In domestic life, the most extravagant follies are sometimes committed, and the most ludicrous scenes exposed to view. One of these hasty gentlemen, who had accumulated a sufficiency in the ham and bacon trade to retire from business, and to live upon all the delicacies of the seasons, could not endure, he pretended, *the smell of his shop* to follow him to his retreat. Consequently, he one day took up a fine dish of greens from the table, and dashed them, with fury, through the sash into the garden, because they had been, un-

fortunately, boiled with the pork. To complete the frolic, his wife, not being possessed of the mildest temper in the world, immediately caught up the dish before her, and, with an air of offended pride, flung it, with equal hastiness, after the other; observing to her husband,—“Pork and greens should go together, my dear, for one is not good for much without the other!”

Thus does passion get the better of some people's better judgment! Vengeance is executed upon every thing that comes in the way! Even a favorite animal cannot escape the fury of the moment! Should the faithful guardian of your property lay himself quietly down at your feet, or wag his tail with expressive silence, in token of his attachment, a kick or a blow, bestowed with the most brutal ferocity, is sure to be his recompense; and then his piteous cries, instead of reaching the heart of savage man, are corrected with increased anger. And if the poor unoffending brute escape without a broken rib or an agonizing bruise, 'tis well, and more the effect of chance, than the merciful treatment he has met with.

“Don't hurt him!—pray don't kill him!”—ejaculated Clementina, as she rushed forward to rescue the faithful Neptune from the uplifted arm of passion and momentary revenge. “Reflect for a moment on the excruciating pain of such a blow as you are about to inflict on that poor dog's back, with such a weapon!—for pity's sake moderate

your anger, and correct with reason. The man who renders the life of any living creature miserable for ever, is unworthy of being classed among the noblest of God's creation!" Surprised and disarmed by this sudden appeal to the tender passions, the delirium of anger abated—vengeance sunk into inaction—and the affectionate animal ventured to crouch at his master's feet with every token of submission and sorrow, for an offence of which he had not been guilty! Well, thought Clementina, as she reviewed the actions of the day when she retired to rest, if I have done no other good; I am at least happy in having rescued one poor animal from torture, and the misery of limping, perhaps, with a fractured bone, to the end of his life. And if my compassion should have had the good effect of restoring a fellow creature to his reason, and bringing him to a conviction of his error, this little act of charity will have terminated most happily.

Passion, considered in its full extent, is an enemy to virtue and to mankind. It was never known to suggest a good action, but has been guilty of the most diabolical crimes and atrocities. It is forbidden by religion, as transgressing against social order—as violating the laws of humanity. In fine, it tyrannizes over every sober sentiment, and dishonors the man who suffers himself to be overcome by its influence.

The grating, ill-natured expressions made use of in the moments of passion, are generally uttered

by the voice of truth. The angry man, unguardedly, speaks what he thinks at the time, and what, perhaps, he has often thought in his cooler moments; though, when he reflects upon the bitter things he has said, he would fain make you believe it was ~~not~~ his intention to hurt you. Choler, however, aims its dart so pointedly, that it seldom fails to wound severely the object of its ire. The venom with which such injuries are inflicted is difficult to extract;—the mischief once done can never be effectually removed;—the anguish may be lulled for a time, but it smarts afresh upon the slightest pressure.

PASSION, then, is admirable *only* when opposed to *sullenness*; because the one bursts forth in a fit of uncontrolled frenzy, and would cease to rage with a moment's reflection; while the other broods over an injury, and premeditates horrors, that become the more criminal from being nursed in the bosom of cool deliberation.

The effect, however, is still the same, though different methods are pursued. The one despatches in a moment—the other takes deliberate aim. Both destroy, or inflict an irreparable injury. The only excuse to be admitted for the malicious offender, is the infirmity of human nature:—for the passionate man what can be said, but that his intellects are suddenly impaired from some physical cause for which we cannot always account?

NUMBER XVII.

**ON FORBEARANCE.**

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions,
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course.

WHAT a noble example of forbearance did the Great Founder of our Religion give to the Christian world, when He dwelt amongst us in His human nature. Among the many virtues that signalized the character of the Saviour of mankind, forbearance shone most conspicuously. When His disciples attempted to avenge the insults that were offered Him, He checked their warmth of temper, and instilled into their mind, both by precept and example, the loveliness of a gentle, meek, and merciful disposition. Though sudden impulses of passion do occasionally arise in almost every human breast ; still, when they are checked by the nobler qualities of the mind and heart, they cease to inspire those pitiful sentiments of outrage and revenge, which are too frequently indulged in by individuals who neither listen to the voice of reason, nor regard

the laws of nature. The first emotions of the angry passions, are not in themselves to be condemned; they are natural to mankind. It is only when these emotions are suffered to rage with violence, and actuate us to the commission of unworthy deeds, that they become censurable. For warmth of temper, it is well known, is sometimes a constitutional infirmity inherent from our birth; sometimes is owing to a susceptibility peculiar to feeling minds; and sometimes arises from the whole nervous system being irritated by misfortune. From whatever cause it may proceed, it should not be suffered to domineer over the sober senses. When the fury of the moment is repelled by the softer sensations of humanity and decorum—when it ceases to become subservient to hasty feelings of revenge, and sinks into that Christian forbearance so emphatically recommended by our Saviour to his disciples—it is then that a passionate man may be extolled for his pre-eminence over his fellow-man. That reason and religion may get the better of rash propensities, however some may encourage the notion that a natural hastiness cannot be conquered, we have many proofs. An admirable instance of forbearance in a lady of high birth, whose mind was as superior as her rank in society; may not be considered as unaptly introduced, to elucidate a subject of such importance to individuals who suffer themselves to be hurried into acts of violence of the most mischievous ten-

dency, without an attempt to check their petulance.

In her infancy, this distinguished female was so exceedingly passionate, that her tutor was every now and then compelled to read her a lecture on the impropriety of her conduct when irritated and angry. Having one day, not only deviated from the rules of good breeding, but degraded her dignity by correcting one of her attendants with *unjustifiable warmth*, it was deemed expedient that her pastor should be sent to expostulate with her on the subject.

"It gives me much pain, madam," said the pious preceptor, addressing her with solemnity, "that you have so little profited by the devotional duties, which, as your pastor, I imposed on you as a holy obligation, and recommended to your serious consideration."

"You are mistaken, my good friend, *I have* profited by them," answered the fair penitent, with modest dignity. "Impossible, madam," ejaculated the good old priest, "if you *had* followed my precepts, you would have checked your passion, nor have suffered it to get the better of your senses thus. Recollect that it is only by possessing a command over ourselves, that we can obtain a command over others."

"You wrong me exceedingly, sir," returned the blushing culprit, feeling the full force of his argument, "for if I had not called to mind your good and pious lessons, *I should have* committed a more unpardonable outrage."

What a noble example of Christian forbearance was this. In a paroxysm of rage, this illustrious individual might have been guilty of a deed that would have rendered her miserable for the rest of her days. She would have sinned against that God who says: "vengeance is mine, and I will repay it;" and have brought indelible disgrace upon her memory, had not her impetuosity given way to her better judgment. The true principles of religion in which she had been educated—and that sense of propriety with which, from her infancy, she had been impressed, subdued her violence, checked the hasty emotions that had arisen, and enabled her to obtain a command over herself. When rash feelings of resentment are thus put to flight, what a virtuous forbearance!—what a glorious conquest may it be termed! But,—"As to judgment," exclaim the admirers of a hasty disposition, I defy any one to exercise his judgment when he's in a passion." "And as to religion and education," says another, "they have nothing to do with it, and can have but little influence over the mind; when a man is provoked to madness, and the whole nervous system is in disorder, and rebels, in a manner, against the senses." But these are delusive arguments—fatal reasoning for the encouragement of the angry passions. Weak is that judgment which gives way to petulance and rashness. Vain is that religion which neither actuates the conduct, nor checks the turbulence of man.

History furnishes us with many instances of extraordinary forbearance under great provocations! None, perhaps, more apposite to the purpose than the story that is related of Prince Henry—afterwards Henry the V. Striking the Lord Chief Justice on the Bench, for opposing him in his attempt to take away by force, one of his companions, who was arraigned for felony.—“The Judge,” says the historian, “sat undaunted, and seemingly unmoved by any personal resentment, and boldly addressed the Prince in these words:—Sir, *remember who and what you are; the seat which I now possess, is not mine, but your Father’s, to whom, and whose laws, you owe a double obedience. If his Majesty’s laws be thus violated by you, who will obey you, when you are Sovereign? And therefore, for this offence, I do in your Father’s name commit you prisoner to the King’s Bench; there to remain till His Majesty’s pleasure be further known.*”

The Royal culprit, now equally collected, stood mute; and feeling the full force of this dignified reproof, laid aside his weapons, and paying obeisance to the Court, rendered himself a prisoner. What magnanimous forbearance in the Judge! What self-possession in the Prince! Both, probably, feeling very forcibly the indignity offered by the other—and each warring against their nature by stifling their resentment; and acting from a sense of duty and decorum.

NUMBER XVIII.

**ON STORY-TELLING.**

Our friend, Mat Prior, told, you know,
A tale extremely *a-propos*.
Name a town life, and, in a trice,
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse right hospitable
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.

AS nothing, perhaps, tends more to the general amusement of society than a well-told story, seasonably introduced, it is extraordinary, now that education is come to such a pitch of refinement, that it should not be made the study of youth to acquire that ease and gracefulness of expression, in the relation of events, which throws a lustre on every subject. Few attain that freedom and elegance of speech so essential; and many are apt to err, by repeating in one company what they may have heard very opportunely related in another, regardless of time, place, or circumstance; and without considering whether it be likely to meet with the same applause in a different circle. A

story thus introduced, cannot fail to prove both tedious and uninteresting.

Thus it fell out the other day with young Squire Talkative, who heard the following anecdote related the day before, by a companion of the chase, on his return from the sports of the field ; which he repeated at a whist table the next evening, while his partner was anxiously inquiring how many honors he had ; and, no doubt, to the great annoyance of the rest of the party.

“A countryman, from the interior of Normandy,” *as the story goes*, “had been invited to dine with his *Seigneur* ; and among the many good things of this life, a woodcock was served up, which he relished exceedingly, and made particular inquiry as to the manner of cooking it. Some time after, my Lord went to dine with his country friend, who gave him a hearty welcome and an excellent dinner. Various soups and fricassees having made their appearance, at length in came a delicate little pig, of which most of the company partook, declaring it was the most delicious morsel they had ever tasted ; when, lo ! and behold, presently in came the servant, bearing an immense toast, covered with the *et ceteras* of the little animal they were feasting on !” *et ceteras* that must be left to the imagination of the reader, lest his delicacy should be offended at the bare mention of them, as nobody ever before or after ventured to introduce a dish so garnished ; the pig having, to the great astonishment and disgust

of the guests, been dressed after the fashion of a woodcock ! “ They looked at each other with wonder and confusion—not knowing how to account for the introduction of so strange a dish. Some, for a moment, thought it was a joke ; which, by the way, they were by no means inclined to relish ; whilst others imagined it might be a method of dressing a pig peculiar to that part of the country ; till they observed, by the countenance of their hospitable landlord, that he was somewhat disconcerted himself at the circumstance, which he plainly saw appeared a strange one to his company. The moment of surprise being over, a kind and honest *eclaircissement* from their well-meaning host, with the aid of a little excellent cordial to keep down the delicacy upon which they had lavished so many encomiums, but which now they found some difficulty in digesting ; soon reconciled their stomachs, *if not to the toast*, to the remainder of the good cheer, which was most abundantly supplied.”

It will naturally be concluded that this story, opportunely told the preceding day, might produce a momentary display of mirth, and lead to social converse ; but in the present instance the effect was entirely lost, both by an ill-timed recital and the lack of allusion.

The disgust that was evinced by the party who had partaken of the pig, when they came to the knowledge of the manner in which it had been dressed, could hardly fail to create a revolution in

the stomachs of those who had, but a few minutes before, declared it to be the greatest dainty on the table. Some people, however, not so remarkable either for their taste or their delicacy, can turn into ridicule what others know to be *more* than a jest. Such was the temper of some, among the hunting party, where the foregoing story was so seasonably related by their entertainer.

You see the force of imagination, gentlemen, said one of them, by what our friend has just related. For my part, I have met with many in the course of my life, who would have been equally disconcerted at the idea of having eaten any thing against which they conceived an antipathy, though no cause should have arisen to discompose their digestive powers. One gentleman, in particular, with whom I am acquainted, pretends to have so great an aversion against barley, that he can't sup a little mutton broth thickened with that wholesome ingredient, unless it be strained ; and then his wife is under the necessity of using some innocent deception before he'll venture to taste it. This same gentleman has also a remarkable antipathy against peas-pudding, although particularly fond of peas-soup. I had the misfortune to be present one day when he happened to find a grain of barley on his plate, which, by some accident, had crept in among the rice that he was eating with a delicious curry, a dish of which he was particularly fond. This discomposed him not a little, I assure you ; and, to complete the horrors

of such a calamity, on the removal of the fish, a leg of pork, with its usual attendant, peas-pudding, made its appearance on table. What a disaster! He now broke forth in a kind of frenzy, declaring that such treatment was not to be borne, and that he should in future dine out, since only such things were provided at home to which, it was well known, he had a particular dislike. His wife, as well as myself, looked all astonishment, for he was by no means an ill-tempered man; but the unlucky grain of barley had so deranged his intellectual faculties, as well as his digestive powers, that his stomach, in all probability, would have recoiled at the greatest delicacy that could have been offered him. His anger, however, was soon appeased by the mild apologies of his wife, and the social gaiety of his friend;—two or three glasses of good wine set all to rights again;—and he cracked his nuts and his bottle in perfect good humour. In the evening he relished some of the cold pork too; nor did he attempt, as many would, under similar circumstances, to disguise his appetite; on the contrary, he confessed he had not made half a dinner, and jocosely added—he must make up his loss.

As, in familiar society, one story is generally followed up by another, either similar in its nature or *a-propos* to some of its leading points; so did the one just related introduce anecdotes of various individuals, touched with the same kind of *mania* as the worthy gentleman, who, though

he laughed at others, was not himself exempt from the general contagion. Good-natured and jocose, however, he soon forgot his wife's inadvertence and his own weakness, and seemed to relate the following anecdote as a kind of palliative to his own infirmity :—

“A friend of his,” he said, “who had invited a large party of his country neighbours to dine with him, being particularly attentive to his guests, very courteously inquired ‘if any one present had the least objection to cheese, before he suffered it to be brought forward?’ Upon which a coxcomical young Squire at table declared, without hesitation, that the bare mention of it almost overpowered his olfactory nerves; much less, then, could he endure the smell of it in the room. ‘What a misfortune!’ exclaimed the Master of the feast, ‘both for the company and yourself, as it reduces us to the necessity of being deprived of your society for a while. John!’ continued he, turning to the servant, ‘shew this gentleman into the drawing room before you bring the cheese.’ Then addressing himself to the young Squire again,—‘We’ll not detain you long, sir,’ said he, ‘only just while my friends and I take a bit of Stilton to relish our ale. I’m truly sorry for your unfortunate antipathy. You’ll out-grow it in time;’ added he, with a ludicrous glance at his friends, as the young man rose to retire.”

Thus we are apt to ridicule and censure in others, the very same foibles and absurdities

which we ourselves indulge in ; and often, perhaps, in a greater degree. The narrator of this little anecdote seemed to think it was nothing but affectation in the young man alluded to, and that he was rightly served ; although he was, at the same time, inclined to justify himself, for the greater folly of suffering a simple grain of barley to spoil his dinner, and to deter him from partaking of a joint which he liked exceedingly, merely because it was accompanied by something he did not like.

The sportsman, too, while he was laughing at the delicacy of some, and the prejudices of others, forgot that he himself actually turned pale at the sight of a hare when it was brought to table. But more of this anon.

NUMBER XIX.

**ON ANTIPATHIES AND VULGAR PREJUDICES.**

In other folks we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

ANTIPATHY and Prejudice seem to be so nearly allied, that, personified, they may be looked upon as twin brothers. Antipathy brings into the world with him all his dreads and aversions—Prejudice imbibes them with his dawning faculties, from his nurse, his parents, his tutors, or his companions. And such is the effect of early impressions, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate them entirely from the mind. With respect to antipathies, were it not generally agreed that they proceed from physical causes, they would be looked upon as the effect of a disordered imagination. And notwithstanding the ludicrous remarks that one individual will pass upon another; still, it is well known that they are engendered before we can assume the affectation of them. So far, then, they are entitled to com-

passion ; though sometimes they seem rather calculated to provoke raillery. But prejudices are contemptible ;—they are imbibed by pride and ignorance, and are nurtured by weak and unreflecting minds, in defiance of reason, of justice, and of common-sense. So far, then, prejudices are censurable. Yet, *they* may sometimes be palliated by circumstances, though they cannot be approved ; and should rather, perhaps, be attributed to the weakness of the human mind, than to an error of the heart.

That persons without education, instead of drawing conclusions from observation, should give into common errors, is by no means extraordinary ; but that well-informed minds should be over-ruled, and without expressing a single idea of their own, or even giving themselves the trouble to bestow a single thought on the object of their alledged aversion or admiration, is most astonishing. But such is the fact, that, however elevated the ideas, however liberal the sentiments in other respects, still the indulgence of unworthy prepossessions is a weakness which, though universally disclaimed and censured, is suffered to preponderate in almost every human breast ; and extends not only to unimportant objects, but to persons, sects, and whole countries.

“I hate *prejudices*,” exclaims Sir Jonathan Blunt, who never travelled fifty miles from his own birth-place, “as I hate a *Frenchman*.”—
“And *I*,” replies a certain great lady, and a

lady of great notoriety too, who would fain persuade you that she is also above the *vulgar prejudices* of the age, “*abhor* an *Englishman*! His stupid *sincerity*, as it is called, I can’t bear. It puts me out of all patience with him. He dare scarcely say a civil thing, lest, forsooth, he should be called a flatterer; for which *I* call him a right down *flat*. For one cannot make him understand that *truth* is not *flattery*. Surely if one is handsome, witty, and all *that*, there is no reason in the world that he should withhold a civil expression, just to let one know that he’s not insensible to such bewitcheries, as the *more polished foreigners* term them, in our sex. But really, of all the awkward animals that ever fawned upon me, I must confess that honest John Bull is the most insupportable. Has he travelled—he’s an ape. If he has never crossed the channel—he is a right down ba—— Oh! worse than a bear, for he’s a great boar.” Then, delighted with her sarcasms on Sir Jonathan, though at the expense of her countrymen, she warbles over some lively French air, breaks out in rhapsodies on foreign manners, and concludes, by proclaiming *PARIS le paradis de femmes*; and with more asperity than justice, condemns a whole nation for the want of that polish, which is denied only to a few home-spun traders at the east end of our great metropolis.

Sir John and my Lady, unconscious of their weakness, or unwilling to own that they are influ-

enced by unworthy prepossessions, would each persuade you that their opinions are perfectly consistent, and the result of observation ; whereas they are actually prejudices, imbibed almost from the cradle ; the lady having passed the greatest part of her life in foreign courts—the gentleman, in the courts of our great metropolis. Thus the one, with sarcastic acrimony, deals out slander, and rails against her native land, for not producing the “*gallant gay Lotharios*” of southern climes ; and the other, with imperious folly, holds in contempt every human being who is not made up of *British* clay.

France, however, as well as other countries, impartial minds will discover, has given birth to men of worth, integrity, and good sense ; who have minds superior to the ridiculous frivolities, which Sir Jonathan indiscriminately attributes to a whole nation. And England, it will be as readily discerned, in spite of the sarcasms of their facetious countrywoman, is not without her men of wit and gallantry, who know how to appreciate the charms of the British fair ; and who, though formed of Albion clay, and moulded in their native soil, can still do justice to the female graces wherever they may chance to meet them. If they be not quite so lavish of their commendations, upon all occasions, as this courteous lady would have them ; perhaps their forbearance may be attributed to a just sense of propriety, that leads them to spare the blushes of the timid ; and a

fine judgment that prevents their lavishing on vanity, that which they consider as only due to modest merit !

In fine, the indulgence of unworthy prepossessions may be traced from the cottage to the palace—from the purlieus of an ignorant rabble, to the circle of a polished court. In the higher classes, it evinces illiberality of sentiment, and disposes rational beings to be influenced by party or public opinion, while they indolently let their own faculties lie dormant. Thus they involve their understanding, and leave no room for the exercise of their better judgment. Among the lower order it is apt to create a vindictive spirit, and therefore ought to be discouraged by their superiors.

Antipathies are certainly more difficult to subdue ; but persons of very strong intellect, it is well known, have occasionally overcome them ; whereas persons of weaker minds rest satisfied with the impression that they are labouring under a constitutional infirmity, which neither reason nor perseverance can surmount. With this notion, aversions strengthen, that sometimes might be, if not entirely overcome, at least diminished, by the proper exercise of their reasonable faculties.

It is no uncommon thing to hear of antipathies against dogs, cats, spiders, frogs, mice, &c. which some people are apt to attribute, and very justly too, sometimes to *fear*, and sometimes to *affectation* ; but without doubt, they are diseases incident to human nature. Some, however, are

of so extraordinary a description, that the most credulous, who may not have witnessed similar instances of human weakness, would, if they were related, suppose they were stories invented for the mere purpose of amusing, and turning into ridicule the follies and affectation of those, who are apt to assume and encourage such monstrous absurdities.

However disinclined some may be to give credit to the tale, it is a well-known fact, that a certain Nobleman in the circle of a neighbouring court, who resided a few years back not a hundred miles from the Hague, had from his birth such an extraordinary antipathy to a *thimble*, that, at the mere sight of one, a most unaccountable qualm came over him, which it was not in his power to overcome, till the horrific instrument of industry was removed from his sight.

In short, his lovely and lively daughters, whenever they had a point to carry, or wished for a little recreation from their studies and embroidery ; had only to pursue the simple stratagem of holding up their middle finger, and to threaten, as they frequently did with an arch smile, then to sit down quietly to work ! “ Away with ye—away with ye—ye little saucy baggages, if it must be so—any thing but the thimble,” was usually the reply upon these occasions ; and away the little ramblers scampered.

In countries where nobles and plebeians unite their fate in one, and hold in contempt “ the pomp

of heraldry," this extraordinary aversion might be attributed to the recollection of a thimble being added to the family arms, by a seamstress or a tailor ; as some people, who can lay no claim to the ensigns of great achievements by descent, have been known to take for their crest the emblem of the trade or employment that they originally followed.

A pair of shears, for instance, is not unfrequently the armorial bearings of a tailor ; a black's head the crest of a tobacconist ; and, a goose's quill becomes the scribbler's pride. But, Batavian heraldry descends uncontaminated by plebeian quarterings ; consequently no such reason could be assigned for the extraordinary aversion here alluded to.

NUMBER XX.



ON SELF-CONVICTION.

If you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis so put to all the tribe,
 Each cries, that was levell'd at me.

“THE errors and foibles of which human nature are guilty,” says a celebrated moralist, “frequently cause a man to identify himself in the form of another. Similarity in events brings him acquainted with himself, and he is apt to draw a parallel when he meets with a character bearing some resemblance to his own.”

“It requires no great penetration to find out who is alluded to throughout this narrative,” says one, “and it’s plain enough that this is aimed at me,” says another; “the self-sufficient heroes and assuming upstarts alluded to are no strangers to us,” cries a third; “and in short, the whole concatenation of events throughout this drama cannot fail to bring us to a conviction of ourselves.”

When conscience thus becomes its own accuser, let them fix the satire who feel they deserve it. Should the shoe press too hard upon a tender

nerve, they have only to blush at their folly and to cast it from them for ever ; choosing a less dangerous path for the time to come, that they may walk on peaceably, without the fear of pain and torture.

But “No,” say the incorrigible, “I am not the petulant and haughty ruler that I am taken for ; but I’m for ever tormented with one or another setting forth a grievance ; and as I cannot redress them all, the wisest plan is *to pay no attention to any !*”

“Nor am *I* the blockhead that I’m represented to be,” exclaims another, “as the splendid provision bestowed on me at this moment testifies.” And again,—“It is impossible that *I* can be the witless upstart so unmercifully railed at, being indebted to my own capabilities alone for the protection I have experienced ! And if, as has been intimated, I have no brains of my own, I’ve at least had wit enough to make use of other people’s, which has answered my purpose just as well. Nor am *I* the hasty avenger of fancied insults—the passionate barbarian, or the unfeeling perpetrator of crimes so odious as those with which I am charged ;” continue a race of mortals whose consciences smite them to the quick for having acted with similar injustice and cruelty.

Witless cavillers ! whether ye admit, or whether ye disclaim the charge, ye do but corroborate the evidence against you. The very denial betrays your guilt. Aware that you deserve the wound,

in turning to escape you betray yourselves ; and in the very act of receding to avoid, receive the arrow that, perhaps, was levelled at a different object. The following occurrence may serve to illustrate the opinion that—“ *He who has a conscience gives evidence against himself.*”

An itinerant Jew, well known in one of the principal cities of the Netherlands, after committing a most daring robbery some years ago, inhumanly murdered the individual from whom he had stolen the property ; and in order to elude the hands of justice, immediately after he had perpetrated the crime, flew for refuge to a neighbouring province. After an absence of ten or a dozen years, trusting that things were blown over, and that the affair was forgotten, he ventured to return to the place where he had committed the depredation ; inquiring, when he came within the suburbs, if the person who had executed the horrid deed of so long standing, had yet been detected ? Being answered in the negative, and perceiving that there was not even a surmise to deter him from proceeding, he entered the city, with his bag on his shoulder, crying—old clothes—old clothes—cot any old clothes to sell ? But, alas ! in one of his peregrinations, about a mile from the town, two or three days after his arrival, he by chance espied some officers of the police at a little distance ; and feeling a quail of conscience come over him, he kept looking back and quickening his pace, lest he should be overtaken. The

officers, who are generally pretty acute as well as active on such occasions, soon perceived that the man was endeavouring to avoid them. "We must keep him in sight," said they, "all is not right there;—walk on—walk on—or we shall lose him." Accordingly, they hastened their steps—the man went faster too;—they began to run—the man ran also;—till at length the hue and cry of "stop thief" put an end to the race, and the criminal was secured.

"So we have got you at last, have we?" said Master Gripe. "*Aye—and who would have thought it, after so many years?*" returned the trembling culprit. "*And how did you know me? for there wash nobody there but myshelf when I did it; and I went off the very next morning, and should have been abskent from my country twelve years had I stayed another month;—but, mine Cot! what will they do with me now?*" "Why make a public example of you, to be sure," said they. Upon which the man, concluding he was known, made a full confession of his guilt. The atrocious act was brought home to him by that inward monitor from which there is no appeal; and the self-convicted villain, betrayed by his own conscience, was brought to trial, and at last suffered the awful sentence of the law; though he had so many years defeated the vigilance of justice, by absenting himself from the scene of action.

Thus do the guilty accuse and condemn themselves; and thus does the all-powerful Avenger of human crimes, by placing this celestial spark in the heart of man, bring to light the hidden deeds of darkness. Conscience, ever on the watch, and faithful to disclose the murderer's guilt, when no earthly testimony could reveal the perpetrator of the atrocious act, presents the trembling self-condemned culprit to the indignant eye.

NUMBER XXI.

ON CONSCIENCE.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
This—teach me more than hell to shun,
That—more than heav'n pursue.

CONSCIENCE, when it points out the good or evil of the action premeditated, may be considered as the warning voice of God ; and ought so to operate on our reason and conduct, as to resolve us to do that which seemeth right, and to leave undone that which we disapprove. But man is prone to evil from his birth ; and, as St. Paul saith, “ *the good that he would, he doeth not ; but the evil which he would not, that he doeth.* ”

Though the dictates of reason be never so strong to turn him from his purpose, he will sometimes assent to the matter in deliberation, and in spite of his better judgment, do a thousand things that afterwards he would give the world, if he had it at his disposal, to have undone. Then

it is, that this faithful monitor becomes a troublesome companion. The ill-affections that she cautioned you against, by neglecting her counsel, are turned into voluntary errors; and the sting they leave behind, can never be eradicated. How deplorable that man, the noblest work of the creation, should war against his senses thus—degrade his nature—and disdain the honest precepts of his guardian Angel!—'tis strange!—'tis wond'rous strange!

But, while we comment on the conduct of others, let us not forget to look into the diary of our own life, and set a guard upon our actions. We are too apt to place all to the account of the Devil, and to excuse ourselves by saying—he instigated me to this, or urged me on to that. Should this be the language of a rational being, made after the likeness of his Great Creator? Ought he not rather to maintain his dignity, and endeavour to resist this declared foe to mankind? He is endued with reasonable faculties to see the good from ill; and shall he only make use of them to discover that he is going wrong, and not exert them to deter him from falling into errors which he would fain persuade himself he *cannot* avoid? Fatal delusion! that thus misleads the image of Perfection, against the conviction of his senses; and brings him to the level of a brute, that is guided only by instinct.

How reasonably this simple endowment seems to operate on the senses of the latter. Without

judgment, without rationality, without being tutored ; he is grateful to his protector, he is tender to his kind, and is seldom spiteful without a cause. Instinct seems to teach him, what man is unwilling to be taught by reason. Man is too fond of his vices to give them up ; and then pretends that he cannot, without once making the experiment. He looks upon them as inseparable from his nature, and tamely submits to the delusion. Depending, perhaps, on the mercy of his Creator, or the mediation of his Redeemer to pacify the wrath of Heaven. Vain dependance ! we are taught to believe, but upon certain conditions. Heedless of those conditions, fruitless will be the attempt to substantiate our claims when, at the last great and awful day, we must render up an account of our deeds before the tribunal of that omniscient Judge who is to pronounce our sentence. And yet we are so stupid as to disregard His timely warnings, though He inspires us with a hatred to the very thing we are about to do, or an admiration for that which we omit doing. If then necessity, or rather our nature, compel us to act in direct opposition to what we feel and know to be right ; let us at least, when we have violated the dictates of conscience, set ourselves to work, and endeavour to relieve the anguish of the sting. Though it may be difficult to cure the wound, the torture of it may be abated by palliatives ; and the mind may be relieved from the horrors of the threatening evil, if mortals, who are endowed with

reason, will but exercise their judgment, and make an effort, at least, to save themselves. But for a rational being to say, "*I am compelled to do this, or restrained from doing that, by some invisible power that has an unconquerable ascendancy over me, and 'tis in vain to combat against it,*" is surely the height of folly. It is likening himself to a piece of machinery, that is moved by clock-work. It is abusing the heavenly gifts with which his Divine Original pre-eminently distinguished him from every other part of His creation. He was made altogether like unto God ; with intellect to discern, and will to determine ; and on this account was given dominion over every living creature. Shall he indolently resign these blessings, and say, "I am fallen, and have no power to raise myself up again?" The common actions of a man's life bear evidence against this absurd hypothesis ; however he may endeavour to excuse himself, by defending it with his tongue. Upon the slightest occasions where his worldly interest is concerned, he denies it by his conduct, and determines upon that which appears to him to promise the greatest benefit. Since he has the judgment, then, to decide for his present welfare, it behoves him more particularly to attend to the whisperings of conscience, whenever his scruples are awakened by them, for the benefit of his soul hereafter. And in cases where his strength faileth, let him earnestly crave the assistance of that gracious Being

who gave him those noble faculties which dignify human nature, and elevate it above the brute creation. *He* will enable him to exercise his faculties to the best advantage, and to will and to do the deeds of a rational creature ; for *He* has provided means for our eternal welfare, and it is our duty to invoke that Power who can alone make them effectual. The laws of Christianity equally forbid a presumptuous confidence in God's mercy, without an effort to obtain it ; as they condemn a slothful negligence, whereby *His* protection must be forfeited. For to Him we ascribe all power, and honor, and glory ; as without Him no good thing is, nor can be done.

“ This proves, then, that we have no power of ourselves,” says the caviller immediately, “ and that we have no will of our own, to direct our choice of good or evil steps. We are all sinners, and must look to God for mercy, through the mediation of our Redeemer.” Presumptuous man ! to appease thy conscience thus, without an effort towards thine own salvation ! Knowest thou not that God hath bestowed upon thee senses to discriminate ? and if thou dost not indolently give thyself up to Satan and his devices, *He* will uphold thee in all thy ways. But remember, if thou neglect Him, *He* will forsake thee. Rouse then from thy stupor, and exercise the faculties God hath bestowed upon thee, not only for the good of thy body, but for the more essential consideration—the salvation of thy soul !

NUMBER XXII.



ON FRIVOLOUS ECCENTRICITIES.

With friendly hand I hold the glass
 To all, promiscuous, as they pass ;
 Should felly there her likeness view,
 I fret not that the mirror's true :
 If the fantastic form offend,
 I *made* it not, but would amend.

OH ! these Sabbatical Papers ! they tire me to death," exclaimed Frivola, as she yawned over the last page of the last number. "One might as well read a chapter in the Bible, or one of Blair's Sermons ! It's truly ridiculous, methinks, to jumble things together in this way. And yet, upon reflection, it may have its good effects too ; for those who are not fond of going to church, may sometimes learn a good lesson at the theatre ! Well—better there than nowhere. So these moralizing authors may do some good, after all."

Right, Frivola, they may so ; for those who are not inclined to study the sacred volume, or to listen to the precepts of their Pastor, may, *per-chance*, be brought to a sense of their duties, as

they wander through the profane pages of romance, or the more sublime theory of the moralist.

In order, however, to gratify the different tastes of different readers, and to amuse the young and thoughtless, as well as the more sedate, the following little histories, savoring of romance, are introduced. And yet, not only for amusement—profit may also be derived from the records of a pen, let it be recollected, uncontaminated with fiction. As an introduction to these biographical sketches, it may not be amiss to give the outlines of Frivola's leading features. She is tinctured with eccentricities, and piques herself upon her oddities. Those who are not inclined to partake of the simple fare prepared for youth, or who do not feel a relish for what is placed before them, need not, however, retire too hastily with discontent upon their brow. Variety is at hand, and every guest is at liberty to turn aside in search of something better suited to his taste; though the provision, it must be confessed, is but plain and homely; still it is wholesome, genuine, and liberally supplied. Should any of the company feel dissatisfied with their dessert, let them recollect that it is furnished at their own expense, and consequently all reproach on that score, must fall upon themselves.

By the will of an affectionate, though imprudent parent, Frivola was put in possession of a fortune at the early age of eighteen, that enabled her to indulge in all her eccentricities without the least

control. She possessed an extraordinary flow of spirits, and a levity of manners that needed a timely check ; but being left to follow her own inclination, she pursued her silly propensities without reserve, and indulged in all the caprices of a spoiled child.

Tired of rural walks, purling streams, and the sweet melody of the feathered choristers ; she was determined, she said, to visit the metropolis, as soon as she became her own mistress. Accordingly, she soon took leave of her country cousins, and journeyed up to town with her Guardian, to be put in possession of her property ; and *then*, to use her own expression, “ to see a little of life without being subject to the control of age, or the rules of formality.” On her arrival in town, she was set down, with visible marks of discontent on her countenance, at the door of her Aunt Agatha ; for, had she not paid her the first visit, no apology afterwards could have atoned for so flattering a mark of respect being withheld from her venerable relative. Luckily, however, her Aunt was on the eve of departure from town, to visit an ancient maiden, her bosom friend, with whom she was going to spend a few quiet months, in social converse ; “ or I,” said her Niece, “ should, in all probability, have been cooped up for a month or two, in order to repair a lace cloak, or to darn some abominable rent in a fine muslin gown,” jobs naturally hoarded up for Nieces, in days of old.

After a night's repose, Frivola with joy took leave of her aunt ; put herself into a hackney coach, and drove to the abode of another branch of her family, residing in the neighbourhood of Cavendish Square. Here she was received with open arms by a numerous and charming family. Her uncle welcomed her with tears of joy—her cousins anticipated a long and cheerful round of entertainments in her society, and her aunt was no less delighted to infold her in her arms. But a ridiculous notion of indulging a spirit of independence, would not allow her to avail herself of their flattering tokens of regard for any considerable time. Her plan was fixed before she reached town ; and, in about three weeks after her arrival, being now entirely disembarrassed from the authority and scrutinizing eye of a guardian, she did not fail to put it in practice. She was a declared foe to restraint and ceremonious etiquette ; and averse to obligations of any kind. The consciousness of being an unnecessary recipient of another's hospitality, would have destroyed her comfort, as well as have prevented the free exercise of her own will. She was also of opinion that long visits generally become irksome, as well to the visitor as to those visited, in spite of the most pressing invitation of the one, and the ready acquiescence of the other. " The first week," said she, " you are caressed and most indulgently attended to ;—the second, you are kindly desired to consider yourself quite at

home, as they don't mean to make any stranger of you, but to look upon you merely as one of the family ;—and, the third, you begin to feel that you are obtruding upon some domestic concern or other ; such as a large wash, a periodical house cleaning, or some such important affair. Hints that serve to remind you it is full time to take your departure, or to submit tacitly to a variety of inconveniences and mortifications repugnant to an independent spirit—a dilemma, above all others, to be dreaded.”

Had Frivola ever been exposed to the vicissitudes of adverse fortune, it would be no great matter of surprise that she should be so averse to lay herself open to such vexatious occurrences ; but blest with a competency, as she was, that rendered it unnecessary for her to seek an asylum among her friends from a motive of economy, it is but natural to suspect, that the love of liberty and the fear of restraint, preponderated above all other considerations. For it usually happens that those who can best provide for themselves, are at all times welcome visitors ; while those to whom an hospitable accommodation might prove an acquisition, rarely escape the vexations and indirect hints that Frivola, probably, had little occasion to dread. Impressed, however, with these notions, she quitted her uncle's house, amidst the most flattering tokens of regret and esteem ; and was earnestly solicited to become a frequent guest, as well as to prolong her visits.

Behold her then, in her new abode, remunerating her hostess with a regular stipend for her board ; and the unreserved mistress of her time—subject to no restrictions—at liberty to read or to sit idle—to join the family, or to withdraw herself from society, without giving offence—to retire at ten, or to sit till twelve ; and, in short, to be free and happy, and to continue at all times a welcome visitor, by making herself scarce among her friends.

NUMBER XXIII.



THE RESULT.

Truth under fiction I impart
 To weed out folly from the heart,
 And shew the paths that lead astray
 The wandering Nymph from wisdom's way.

FRIVOLA is cheerful, good-humoured, and seemingly happy with her eccentricities. Nature has bestowed on her a pleasing countenance, with a tolerable share of understanding, and an equal portion of perceptibility; which she makes use of in her moments of reflection. But alas! they occur so seldom, that she is generally taken for a very weak and imprudent woman. Imprudent she certainly is, and unguarded to a degree almost beyond credibility. Some of her friends have ventured to remonstrate with her on the folly of her proceedings; and Prudentia, in particular, who is much interested in her welfare, takes every opportunity of impressing on her mind, the serious evils to which her foolish eccentricities are likely to expose her. She listens with attention; but her sole ambition is to attract notice. If she can but call forth attention—no matter to her, whether it

be for praise or censure. Notwithstanding she seems to feel the full force of Prudentia's well-meaning arguments, still she always turns them off with some ludicrous remark or other ; thus—
 “ Though my conduct may appear a little inconsistent, now and then, I *know* it is *irreproachable*. Am I to glide with the stream, merely because the world affect to disapprove my going against it? Nonsense ;—I'm above the vulgar prejudices of the world, and shall never conform to the ridiculous etiquette and fashion of the times, unless it please my own fancy so to do. Why, you would fain make a prude of me, Prudentia ! still you joke and laugh with old and young, and ‘*trip it on the light fantastic toe*’ with every beau in company—read novels, and mix in the motley group at a masquerade ;—and no one ever thinks of making any comment. But when I move forward, or attempt to give a zest to conversation, every eye seems fixed, and every ear intent, as it were, to censure and condemn my every word and every action.”

“ You, Frivola, thoughtless and careless of the world's opinion, without reserve expose your errors ; and by your eccentricities betray a silly vanity that must insure the mockery and censure of even indifferent beholders, who will never fail to turn your harmless levity into acts of guilt.”
 “ Enough,” she would good-naturedly reply,
 “ under such mild tuition I shall certainly amend ;
 —continue your admonitions, good and sedate

lady ; you really seem so interested for my reputation, that I can't be angry nor chide your freedom ; though I believe in any one but you, such candor would offend my pride and rouse my indignation. — You'll let me read a novel, now and then, to dissipate the gloom, I hope, that such restraint must plunge me into?"

" Indeed, Frivola, if I had any influence on your literary pursuits, more profitable reading should supply their place," replied her friend. " The romantic evils with which they burthen the senses, are, in my opinion, but little calculated to correct your inconsistencies."

" Think ye so my worthy matron ?" said she with an expressive glance. " Perhaps I should not indulge my weakness as I do, if my companions were more rationally disposed ; but really, the usual topics of the day are so void of interest, that I actually retire to amuse myself with a good-for-nothing novel, rather than be doomed to listen to the vain egotism of some, or the detracting observations of others. There's Fortuna, raised from culinary employ to look down with scorn upon wit and genius, always talking of her *gowns*, and her *servants*, and the black *beetles* that annoy her, till one's tired to death of listening to such gibberish. She had actually the audacity to reprove a young friend of mine the other day, who ran up to her in playful extacy, exclaiming — "Look Fortuna, what a pretty beetle I've got!" " *Beetle*, my dear, is that the way you speak?"

said she with an air of self-sufficiency—"a black *beedle* you mean, I suppose!" The child, who had been better taught, looked at mamma, mamma smiled, and taking her little darling by the hand, "come," said she, "we'll go and shew it to your brother;" and when she had led her out of the room, she immediately explained Fortuna's misconception of the word, that the child might not be puzzled by such tuition.

"Ignorance and conceit generally go hand in hand," replied her friend, "and it is no uncommon thing at present, for *purse-proud gentry* to pretend to correct their better informed neighbours; and it too frequently happens that they triumph in their presumption, by abashing their more diffident companions, who they awe into silence by their *loud and flippan*t speeches."

"So it seems, for there's Flirtilla, with her gibes and jeers," continued Frivola, "for ever displaying her wit, and endeavouring to establish her own excellence at the expense of some of the company. In spite of all one's gaiety and efforts to come in for a little share of notice, she, by talking of great men she only knows by name, or using some deceit or other, monopolizes the attention of every beau in company; so that with three times her abilities, one's looked upon as a mere cipher. She is so far clever, to be sure, and a wonderful talent it is, that she pretends to every thing, without knowing much of any thing; and by a happy knack of *touching* on different

subjects, without *dwelling* on any, she passes, with half the world, for a prodigy. If she would but allow a little share of merit to others, she might be left to exult in her own qualifications, without drawing upon herself ill-natured observations. But to see her extolled and admired as she rears her lofty head, pretending to every thing, and establishing her excellence on the depredations she commits on her better informed neighbours, is past endurance. For it is only by stratagem, as one may say, and detraction, that she succeeds in making the world believe she is a meteor of such resplendent lustre, as to extinguish every star that comes within her orb.

“ But after all, Prudentia, and say what you will, there’s something delightfully interesting in the well-dressed accounts we read, of frantic lovers and their strange vicissitudes, in novels.—The incomparable productions of a Scott, the splendid fabrications of a Smith, the wild descriptions of a Radcliffe, and the extravagant delusions of a Gunning, are really so bewitching that I know not how to resist them. They actually deceive my senses while I read, and impose upon my understanding ’till I am bewildered, as ’twere, in a labyrinth of enchantment.”

“ That’s just the mischief of which I complain,” replied her friend. “ Recollect that the most celebrated novelist of the day, even the great Sir Walter Scott, says—‘ the perusal of romances may, without injustice, be compared with the use of

spirits—baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments when the whole head is sore, and the whole heart sick.’

“At the same time I cannot but admit the justness of your observation, with respect to the conversations we are often doomed to listen to, and even to bear a part in, much against our inclination. But the laws of society and good breeding oblige us to submit occasionally to such inconveniences, rather than to appear uncivil to those beings with whom we must necessarily spend a portion of our time. Dress and religion seem to be the favorite topics of the day—the one too sublime a subject to be lightly discussed—the other too trifling to create any interest in a mind bent upon more rational pursuits. It is not so offensive, however, as the fault you complain of in *Flirtilla*. To detract from the good qualities of our neighbour is unpardonable; particularly when art and nature have combined, as in the case of your friend, to bestow a thousand beauties both of mind and person to render her prepossessing, and an object of admiration. She ought certainly to be satisfied, and not endeavour to exalt herself by detracting from others. It is beneath her dignity—mean and selfish. Endued with graces peculiarly her own, which are multiplied and magnified by vanity; she might allow the humbler pretensions of others to pass, without commenting on little defects that would escape general notice if they were

not pointed out by her Ladyship's jealous envy of the least praise bestowed upon her neighbours."

"Oh! I'm out of all patience with her," interrupted Frivola, "for one has no chance whatever in her company; though she has not had a very brilliant education, nor deeply versed in literature, still, by an apt quotation now and then, and a tolerable share of confidence, with a fluency of tongue that 'gathers strength by going,' she leaves us completely in the back ground, while she stands conspicuous, and gains credit for a thousand qualities she does not possess, merely by placing herself in a favorable point of view. I never knew her to dwell upon any solid subject for five minutes, because why?—why simply because she finds herself unequal to the task. But upon such occasions she dexterously starts some new topic to engage attention, which prevents the discovery of her actual deficiency. And by these artifices she also gains the reputation of being a very clever and well-informed woman. I'll convince her, however, that others may sometimes come in for a little share of admiration;—there's the charming Chevalier de Gascoigne, who she vainly supposes gives no attention to any one but herself, is constantly tormenting *me* to become the mistress of all his fine estates on the beautiful Island of St. Domingo; and I very believe I shall be prevailed on to give up my happy state of independence to accompany him thither; if it be only to pique the proud Flirtilla."

And sure enough, without consulting any of her friends, or making any inquiry respecting this titled Foreigner, she shortly after bestowed upon him her hand and her fortune, without making any reserve ; and soon found out to her sorrow and mortification that she was imposed upon by a mere adventurer, who had neither money, title, nor estate. Such was the result of Frivola's ridiculous eccentricities.

NUMBER XXIV.



THOUGHTS ON ROMANCE.



Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.



"WHAT a loss of time!" exclaimed Amelia, after turning over a few pages of a book she carelessly threw upon her work-table. "Poets and historians may talk of the golden age and the silver age; but the commentators of the present day will be more correct, perhaps, in styling ours the brazen age; for never was literature so abused, or the fine arts so unblushingly trespassed on. We shall soon, methinks, become a nation of writers, daubers, players, singers and dancers; all performers and no spectators, I wot. You need only, now, as a Princess of Germany has observed, be able to *claw* the harp, *thump* the piano, and *reach* E in alt. provided you have a *good share of more than modest assurance*, to set yourself up for an amateur; and as soon as

you can form a letter or draw a tangent, commence artist, or become an author. I wish I had seen a little more of the world—I'd turn scribbler myself next, and conjure you up a novel in a twinkling!"

"You put me in mind of the Lady Lionella, my dear Amelia," said her Aunt, "who being pressed ~~one day, by a poor relation, for a~~ little pecuniary assistance,—'My dear Cousin,' exclaimed her Ladyship, 'how can you submit to the agony of borrowing, when you can make use of pen, ink, and paper, to supply your wants? Why don't you write a novel? For you, who have seen so many ups and downs in the world, it would be the easiest thing imaginable. In short, *any body* may write a novel! And that kind of reading is so much in vogue at present, that I'm sure you'd be well paid for your trouble.'

"~~'Not quite so well as your Ladyship may suppose,'~~ replied her Cousin; 'and really you speak as if it could be done with as much ease as you fill up the blanks of your printed cards of invitation. You rattle on at a fine rate, and would have some people drive their pens as you do your horses—without thought, or giving them any thing to eat till they get to their journey's end. But you should recollect, my Lady, their appetites may be as keen as your own.'

"~~'I thank you for that, my witty Cousin,'~~ said her Ladyship, 'but a truce with your thinking; I hate thought—and as to eating, 'tis very well

known that starvation is the greatest provocative to genius.' "Yes—and too frequently its only reward!" interrupted her Cousin. "Well, Louisa; you know that study is my horror—any thing written off hand in a hurry, is, in my opinion, far preferable to that which is pondered over again and again; and were I in your situation, and obliged to live by my wits as it were, I'd set about the thing immediately. You've a good memory and a tolerable knowledge of the world. You have only to make yourself the heroine—your husband the hero—introduce a few odd characters, with a rich and liberal relation or two to help you out of every difficulty, and the thing is done; without the least obligation to any body but your very humble servant, who has supplied you with materials. You concluded, I fancy, by your application to me for assistance, that I possess more money than wit?"

"Then your Ladyship is even with me, at all events," interrupted her Cousin, "for your reply clearly proves that you give me credit for more wit than money. Be that as it may, I have neither genius to invent the marvellous occurrences needful for the pages of romance, nor am I gifted with the *pen of a ready writer*, to execute the *very easy* task your Ladyship would impose upon me."

"The truth is, my dear Amelia," continued her Aunt, "this lady's genius had been cultivated by a judicious, well-informed, and affectionate

mother, who had watched the dawning faculties of her child with unremitted attention, and had given her a relish for sublimer studies ; so that she was not sufficiently read in romance to aspire to any celebrity in the way suggested by her wealthy kinswoman. Her Ladyship's advice, therefore, proved but a cold compliment to her abilities, without affording the least relief to her necessities, or any consolation to her feelings. But it too frequently happens in similar cases, that, while ~~that~~ which is solicited is withheld, what is *not* asked for is most liberally bestowed. It is little better than presenting a glass of cold water to those who apply for a bit of bread to satisfy the cravings of a hungry stomach ;—at such a time, nature cannot but revolt at such an offering. Disclaiming, therefore, all pretensions to renown as a writer of novels, the wounded suppliant made her curtsy and withdrew, leaving her wealthy Cousin to meditate on the blessings of independence !”

To survey man as he is, and to censure the follies of the day, is said to be the most rational as well as the most probable means of bringing individuals acquainted with themselves. To expatiate on the resplendent qualities, as well as to reflect on the dark and faulty side of human nature, is equally just, however, and useful to the well-being of society. Few are so deformed as not to possess some excellent traits ; and few are so fair as to be wholly free from blemish. The

world is made up of good, bad, and indifferent characters; and seldom does it happen that the Protean virtues bestowed on imaginary mortals in the pages of romance, fall to the lot of man. The fascinating charms of grace, wit, and beauty, for ever expose to danger those individuals who possess them; and they often fall a sacrifice to imprudence, where ugliness, stupidity, and awkwardness, secure from temptation, escape uninjured and unmolested. Honor, courage, and benevolence may likewise be infected with human infirmities; but, the god-like excellence, and angelic qualifications with which the heroes and heroines of fiction are usually gifted, so far exceed the endowments of nature, that while the imagination is bewildered in contemplating them, the moral is totally lost in impossibilities. Innumerable instances might be brought forward to shew young people the sad consequences of indulging too great a partiality for novel reading: and sound reasoning might, perhaps, induce them, when tired with the pages of history and philosophy, to seek amusements with the poets—with the tourist—or, if more inclined to private history, the memoirs of celebrated characters, traced out with all their beauties and deformities, will prove at once instructive and amusing. Such kind of reading will divert the thoughts, store the mind with noble virtues to reflect on, supply the memory with anecdote, and furnish interesting matter for conversation. Whereas, the romantic effusions

of a wild imagination, too often *deceive the senses* into false notions of honor, inflame the passions, and seminate the seeds of disobedience.

"Reality," says Madame de Lambert to her daughter, "should be preferred to fiction ; and that kind of reading which enlarges the understanding and mends the disposition." That which is written from the heart, is best adapted to awaken sentiment.

What can equal the writings of Sterne ? they interest and put in motion all the tender feelings of humanity. It has been remarked, that his imitators could never reach his excellence ; and why ? because, to use his own words—" *they will not give up the reins of imagination.* "

That there are many well-written novels, from which *moral* may be gleaned, cannot be denied ; but in the aggregate, they are dangerous books in the hands of the young and inexperienced ; and more frequently contaminate than improve the mind. The false views they give of human events, lead the judgment astray ; the romantic improbabilities with which they generally abound, bewilder the senses ; and the marvellous exploits they depict, work at times so forcibly on the imagination of their votaries, that woful examples of the mischief they produce may be traced to the members of innumerable families of distinction in the British Isles. To recount the hapless fate of a few of these individuals, may prove salutary to some, and deter others from too great

an indulgence in so baneful a pursuit. The recital is intended more as a caution to the weaker sex, than to expose the unhappy sufferers to further condemnation. They have heaped upon themselves humiliations and calamities, from which they can never escape ; and must therefore be abandoned to the lot they have chosen.

NUMBER XXV.

**MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF INDULG-
ING ROMANTIC PASSIONS.**

Let not the young my precepts shun ;
Who slight good counsels are undone.

YE thoughtless fair, who are entering the labyrinth of fiction, stop short and listen to the voice of truth. Let the hapless fate of those who are constantly roving among the flowery productions of a fanciful genius, warn you of the danger, and deter you from pursuing those alluring paths in which they were lost. Enchanted with romantic scenery, and charmed as it were with the artificial display of nature decorated in her best attire, they strayed through the deceptive avenues of the maze in which they were bewildered, unmindful of the path they should have taken. Thus infatuated, they plucked the gay blossoms of a poisonous root that withered in a day, and left but the venom of the thorn to rankle in their bosom.

To gratify her humour for exploits of chivalry and romance, Valentia would actually shut herself

up for days together to indulge her fatal propensity, till she was worked up to a pitch of wild enthusiasm for romantic adventure, scarcely to be equalled. Often has she been heard to exclaim most vehemently against, what she termed, a formal wedding—"No," said she, "give me the man who would prove his love, in spite of father or fortune, and carry me off to *Gretna Green* at a venture. The frolic of stealing away at midnight, with a few necessaries tied up in a handkerchief, I should enjoy of all things; and then to scamper away in a post chaise and four, with my lover by my side soothing my agitated spirits, and using all the power of his eloquence to tranquillize my perturbation!"—for, like the wife of Bath,—

"Before my face my handkerchief I'd spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed."

Sure enough, as she said—so she did. Shortly after she had attained her sixteenth year she absolutely eloped with her father's footman, and the indissoluble chain was linked together before her pursuers reached the fatal spot that completed her ruin.

On her return from this *frolic*, as may naturally be expected, she was reduced to a very humble situation. In the parish of *Soho* she took up her abode, where her whole dependence was concentrated in a green-grocer's shop and her husband's industry. Commanding, *for a time*,

the same respect from him to which she had been accustomed, she sought new acquaintances, and had her private card parties *and routs*, as she termed them, two or three times a week ; on which occasions John kindly officiated at the tea table, with all due courtesy, alternately representing the master and the man.

He gets to market by five or six o'clock in the morning ; by which means their little shop is very well supplied with fresh articles. This, together with the civil deportment of the husband, and consideration for the wife, leads many customers to his little magazine of stores ; and provides, for the moment, a homely fare. But, alas ! it is greatly to be feared the husband's industry will not keep pace with the wife's prodigality. Deprivations and hardships must naturally ensue, which will soon bring her to a sense of her folly. The most poignant reflections will torture her bosom ; and when a prey to misery and wretchedness, she will rue the steps she has taken, and find, that her visionary joys terminate but in sorrow and remorse ; and that nothing but a placid obedience to her husband's will can insure her the least comfort.

What could be expected from an union of such a nature ? The unhappy female is disinherited by her father, disowned by her family, and forsaken by her friends. The adventurous swain is disappointed in his expectancies ; and, as he finds her family inexorable, ceases to indulge her ridi-

culous fancies. She becomes discontented, irritable, and quarrelsome ;—he, on the other hand, boisterous and unmanageable. A comfortless home drives the husband to the tap-room of a neighbouring public-house, to drown and dissipate his care in the society he has been accustomed to ; while the wife is fretting, and meditating on the deplorable condition to which she is reduced, without the least hope of amelioration to cheer her drooping spirits. Unable to get through the drudgery of subordinate occupations, she lives in the midst of dirt, surrounded with half a dozen ragged children, under no control from the irregularity of their parents ;—and thus miserable, they both, when too late, repent of their folly and indiscretion !

In the conduct of Rosetta, may be traced another instance of the mischievous tendency to the evil in question. The romantic disposition of this lady, in one unlucky moment, blasted all the hopes of her parents, and placed her in a station of life, for which she was never intended, either by birth or education. Rosetta was sole heiress to the Earldom of R——— and was placed in a fashionable seminary, not many miles from a fashionable nursery ground, in the vicinity of P——n Square. Panting for liberty, and thinking she was held too tight in her leading strings, her Ladyship could not endure the emul of a school life, nor the restriction of school discipline. The little parties given by Mrs. Teachwell to her

pupils, in order to initiate them in the ceremonies of the tea table, had no charms for Rosetta ;—the bewitching pages of romance pleased her better. The young ladies, after a certain age, were allowed to enrol their names on the list of subscribers to a circulating library ; and had the privilege also, of perusing the daily papers, and each, in their turn, to make choice of some new publication. Being gifted with a lively imagination, and a disposition to enjoy all the pleasures of society, her heart palpitated for liberty, as she skimmed over the paragraphs of the Morning Post, and read of the gay festivities of the fashionable world. The tales of romance too, equally accorded with her disposition, and she longed to be the heroine of some wild adventure. The opportunity was at hand—and she was resolved not to let it slip. “ Since I cannot be free,” said she to one of her companions, “ to follow the natural propensities of my heart, which is cheerful and gay, I’ll at all events detach myself from this vile seminary ; I’d sooner undertake the care of a nursery, than live thus secluded from the world and all its gaieties.” Like a wise politician, her plan was no sooner formed than executed, lest she should be baffled in her schemes. Resolved to make her escape at all hazards, she had already courted the affections of the obliging and gallant florist, in the neighbourhood ; whose grounds were a kind of public promenade, for the beauties of fashion, at the west end of the town. In these delightful gardens,

her Ladyship, with the rest of her companions, took her daily exercise : and, while they were admiring the shrubs and plantations that graced the walks, her attention was fixed on a different object. In fine, eluding the vigilant eye of her governess, while purchasing a little heart's-ease, she gave the ruddy gardener so fair a promise of her future favors, that he, enraptured with the prospect of success before him, redoubled his assiduities to please ;—plucked for her all the gayest of his stock ;—proposed a journey to the North, to which she readily assented ;—and, stealing from her confinement, at midnight, threw herself into the arms of the happy Adonis, who, proud of the conquest he had gained, immediately set off with his fair prize to insure his felicity, by making her his companion for life. Thus was the offspring of a noble root transplanted from the rich soil in which it might have flourished, to waste its bloom in the plantation of an obscure plebeian.

Her mind vitiated by romantic folly, and her judgment weak, Rosetta rashly precipitated herself from the very summit of high-life, to the society of lowly individuals, even below mediocrity. Willingly excluding herself from her family and friends, as well as from the first circles of fashion, in which, by birth and education she was destined to move ;—a privilege she forfeited by her folly and indiscretion, unmindful of the disgrace she brought upon herself and noble connexions.

NUMBER XXVI.



ON THE LOVE OF ADVENTURE.

Grace was in all her steps,
 Heaven in her eye, in every gesture
 Dignity and love.

PHILOMENA was a lady of respectable connexions in high life, remarkable in her appearance for grace and dignity. Milton's sublime description of the beauteous fair, who advanced to meet the solitary inhabitant of Eden, as he awoke from a refreshing slumber, recurred to the imagination as she gracefully skimmed over the turf, or stepped across the pavement. Her stately figure and heavenly countenance, could not but attract admiration. She played and sung divinely, and in the dance, a *Hillasburg* could not surpass her graceful motion. Every fine accomplishment, combined with gentle and unassuming manners, gave her a superiority in society, of which she might have been proud ; and, had the qualities of her mind been in unison with the graces of her

person, she might have shone with a splendour that would have eclipsed the "fairest among the fair."

But, alas! with a disposition to enjoy every pleasure in life, she possessed neither prudence to check, nor resolution to combat against the propensities of her nature. Her extravagance kept pace with her indiscretion; and though her father subscribed most liberally to all her wants, and all her reasonable wishes, still her imprudence outstripped his generosity.

Bereaved, by the unpitying hand of death, of that maternal care so essential to the formation of the female character, just at that happy period of life when the heart is panting "*to see and be seen*" in every fashionable crowd; she became the director of her own conduct, without judgment to control, or prudence to guide her actions. Perfected in all the accomplishments of the day, she sickened in the society of her governess, and prevailed on her too indulgent parent to dismiss the watchful matron; knowing that she would then be free to follow the dictates of her own volatile disposition. Her father's parliamentary occupations, together with his private concerns, engaged his attention almost from morning till night, and from night till morning. Accordingly she entered the walks of dissipation alone and unprotected; and broke through every rule of decorum, to prosecute the ill-concerted schemes of a wild imagination.

After spending the chief of her mornings in reading novels, which filled her head with romantic absurdities, and parading Bond Street in the expectancy that some of the marvellous exploits of which she had been reading would be realized in her own person, Philomena would return home after a turn or two, disappointed and angry, to contrive some new plan ; which was no sooner formed than put into practice. Thus her evenings were usually spent with the same degree of censurable, if not criminal irrationality, as her mornings. As one error too generally leads to another ; in order to carry her schemes into execution she was obliged to practise deceit with her father ; who, unconscious of his daughter's imprudence, firmly believed her when she told him she was engaged with her friends. This dissimulation with a parent reflected a greater disgrace on her, than all the little indiscretions of which she was guilty. Deliberate falsehoods, and premeditated deviations from honor, are by far more culpable than the inconsiderate folly that leads to them.

"You are certainly embellishing," exclaim the lovers of romance, "for the purpose of amusing us, and bringing your moral to bear. The result, however, of this young lady's eccentricities ? It is to be hoped that her ideas were elevated somewhat above a partnership with a vender of cabbages !"

The ideas of a female who can condescend to

lose sight of her own consequence by falling into all the extravagant follies of the town, and indulging propensities that must for ever blast her reputation, cannot abound with moral propriety, at all events, however exalted they may be in other respects. Philomena was lofty in the extreme, in many instances ; but her pride was not of a nature to reflect much credit on her high notions of birth and rank in society, as her frequent attendance at a certain fashionable resort in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square too plainly evinced. In spite of the precaution she took to disguise her figure, and to conceal the unprotected state in which she joined the gay circle to partake of the amusements of the evening, she could not long escape the eye of observation. One act of imprudence was followed closely by another ;—the busy tongue of slander was soon put in motion ; and intimations of the flagrant impropriety of her conduct at length reached the ears of her fond father ; who, alarmed, though doubting the truth of what he heard, watched for a while the proceedings of his daughter ; and alas ! was too soon convinced of her folly and extravagancies. After reproving and expostulating to no purpose,—for in vain did he endeavour to bring her to reason,—and apprehensive that ruin and disgrace awaited her, he resolved upon the expedient of sending her to some of his relations in India, hoping thereby to turn her from the destructive course she was pursuing. Accordingly he lost no time

in writing to the friends to whose protection he recommended her ; and having secured her a passage in the first fleet that was to sail, he trusted from his knowledge of two or three respectable families that were going out in the same ship, that she would be out of harm's way during the voyage ; and that on her arrival, as is usual with our fair country-women, she would enter into a matrimonial compact, and become a virtuous member of society, without exposing herself to further reproach, or bringing actual disgrace on her family. If report speak true, however, ere she reached the Cape, a gallant son of Mars became enamoured of her charms ; she listened to the soft things he whispered in her ear ; and to the great mortification of her fond father, he heard that she became a mother before she was a wife : commanding as little respect among strangers in a distant clime, as among her more intimate connexions at home.

“ And were these improprieties of conduct to be attributed solely to the reading of novels ? ” inquire again some of the young votaries of fiction.

Perhaps not *wholly* so : but it no doubt led in a great measure to her ruin. Philomena was naturally fond of romantic adventure ; and by constantly roving among the flowery productions of wild and romantic scenery in search of something new and wonderful, she proceeded without fear or caution, and met her destruction in these delusive fields of enchantment.

Though not criminal, a still more glaring instance of romantic folly may be traced in the conduct of fair Ellen, of Peckham, who fell desperately in love with a young Knight of the Brush, merely from the encomiums lavished upon him by her friend; and actually declared that no other man should ever lead her to the nuptial altar; though she had never seen him, nor was she aware that his affections were even at his own disposal. Chance or stratagem did, however, some time after, bring about the desired meeting. The youth was smitten—the delighted Ellen readily encouraged his advances—yielded to the eloquent voice of love—and, to her sorrow, became the wife of a man who repays her affection with neglect, severity, and hard unkindness.

What can be the result of such determinations, but vexation, disappointment, and sorrow? Even Kings and Emperors are not exempt from the penalty they inflict; as the following anecdote evinces:—

“Holbein, who for his extraordinary talents attracted the notice of Henry VIII. during his residence with Sir Thomas More, to whom he was recommended by the great Erasmus, was taken into the King’s service, who settled on him a provision for life; although he once hazarded the severe displeasure of his royal and turbulent patron. For being despatched by Cromwell to paint the Lady Ann of Cleves, Holbein so flattered her with his pencil, that Henry, who was a

great admirer of beauty in the fair sex, fell in love with the portrait, and was induced to marry her. But when he discovered how plain she really was, his anger," says the historian, "was turned from the painter to the minister; and poor Cromwell lost his head, because the unhappy Ann was denounced by her royal husband for—a Flanders Mare," and not the Venus depicted by Holbein!

NUMBER XXVII.

ON KISSING.

What is a kiss? A seal of love
 Which binds the vow that's given;
 A bliss that's sent us from above,
 And register'd in heaven;
 For when it is in truth sincere
 There's nought can give more pleasure here.

KISSING, it seems, was at one time so much in vogue in England, that it drew the following remark from the great and accomplished Erasmus, in one of his visits to this country; "who" says his commentator, "expressed himself in language sufficiently warm to prove, that he carried the feelings of a man under the cowl of a monk."

"The women in England," said this Dignitary of the Romish Church, "are divinely beautiful, affable, and good-humoured. There is a custom also here, which can never be sufficiently commended. When you go any where, you are received by all with *kisses*. When you depart, you are dismissed with *kisses*. On your return, *kisses* are again bestowed on you. When they visit you, *kisses* are presented; when they go

token of the sincerity of the heart, of a welcome reception, and of the most flattering esteem. Such might be the original feelings attached to the practice, and may still exist in the breasts of many; but of late, the custom has been so alarmingly encroached upon by every order of individuals, that really, both ladies and gentlemen in the present age, are in dread of all whom they may chance to meet, lest they should lay violent hands upon them, the custom being indiscriminately practised by friend and foe.

This national shake, as it may be termed, when given in the true spirit of John Bull, is really tremendous. The great Prussian hero, General Blucher, who experienced it in its most genuine style, declared that "he would, at any time, sooner meet the enemy's army in the field of battle, than have to encounter the friendly grasp of honest John Bull." And no wonder,—for the very rough testimony of public admiration that was so enthusiastically bestowed on this aged veteran, shook his tottering frame, it may with truth be said, "near dissolution." Even females, struck with the general mania, flocked round his carriage wherever it stopped, not only to take a peep at the venerable warrior, but to give him a free and hearty squeeze. At length, overpowered with these flattering evidences of British popularity, he was, one day, counselled by a native to dismiss one of them with a kiss; which he assured him would put the rest to flight, and

prevent his being thus assailed in future. But how mistaken was their countryman—how astonished the General!—Instead of producing the promised effect, it served but to augment the persecution, and encourage their advances. In fine, his gallantry was so liberally rewarded with the profusion of kisses bestowed on him in consequence, that, according to report, he narrowly escaped suffocation. And England may congratulate herself, that kissing was not from that event again revived and adopted as a national custom. From such trivial circumstances do general usages sometimes prevail.

NUMBER XXVIII.

**ON ENTHUSIASTIC PRESUMPTION.**

Each does the other's argument deride,
 Each has the Church and Scripture on his side.

THE innumerable evils arising from prejudice and ignorance, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the want of energy and public spirit among the better informed.

Men are too apt, in common classes of society, to take all upon slender authority. Public report, or the argument of a sophist, is sufficient to ensnare their intellectual powers and to lead them away, in defiance of reason and even common sense.

Now that a system of general education is become so prevalent, not only school-boys, but blacksmiths, bricklayers, and clowns, as soon as they can read a verse in the Bible, think themselves capable of expounding the hard passages of Scripture ; and this for one favorite quotation, and that for another, regardless of the context,

make such a jumble of things altogether, that half the community are bewildered, and know not which path to pursue.

In short, the world seems turned topsyturvy ;—boobies assert, men of erudition do not oppose them—upstarts assume, no one corrects them—children dictate, parents obey—servants control, masters submit—scribblers decide, their superiors consent—and, though last, not the least injurious, the Laity preach, and leave the Clergy to practise. In some counties, the mania for running after these itinerant preachers is so grievous, that the preliminary step when a servant goes to be hired is to bargain for the privilege of going twice or three times in the week to *meeting*. Masters and mistresses may, in the meantime, either wait upon themselves, or wait for every thing they may want in their absence. Neither are the orthodox Clergy exempt from these public nuisances ; for they can hardly go to order their mutton for dinner, or their coffee for breakfast, but Mr. Allspice or Mr. Cleaver, forsooth, must needs pour forth a volume of evangelical rhetoric over his block, as though he thought he had nothing but calves' heads in his clutches, and that he might turn them either this way or that, at his pleasure. But in these attacks their arguments are generally vain and futile, and much less calculated to convince the learned, than to seduce the ignorant. "I would recommend thee," said a clerical friend, one day, to one of these

fanatics, who had a little ruffled him, "I would recommend thee, friend," said he, but with the true spirit and meekness of Christianity, "to have done with these ill-timed and ill-judged contentions, they do but engender strife. And what does all your knowledge of Scripture amount to after all?" asked he, "are you the *better* for it think ye, or does it only tend to make you *wiser*? Doeth thou these things? for whosoever knoweth them, and doeth them not, is, you may rest assured, in a pitiable plight." It is a trite observation, and not, however, the less true for that, "that the greatest part of those who engage in controversial discussions, contend rather for victory than for truth;" though butchers, bakers, choesemongers, and blacksmiths, all in their turn, enter the list.

"I'm a strict churchman," says one. "No," says another, "the gentleman you sit under doesn't preach the Gospel." "Not preach the Gospel," returns the churchman, "what can you mean? he preaches as Christ himself was wont to preach;—*Believe in God, and keep His commandments; do unto all men, as you would they should do unto you; avoid hypocrisy; pray for your neighbours; and forgive, that ye may be forgiven.*"

"Vain and frivolous are the motives that lead you to your duty," replies the fanatic, "your good works will avail ye nought till they proceed from a right spirit, you may rest assured."

"As to that," retorts the other, "the rules of our Divine Instructor, as they are laid down in the Gospel for our observance, are too plain and easy for a person of moderate capacity to mistake them. Be awared of false teachers, friend, as well as false prophets; nor vainly suppose that your election is sure, and that nothing remains for you to do. Look to the words of our Saviour, '*Blessed are they that HEAR the word of God and KEEP it.*' For the rest I refer you to the Sermon on the Mount, the best, you must allow, that was ever preached in this world;—there you will find fixed, certain, and indisputable rules of conduct, both as to *faith* and *practise*, the one being incomplete without the other."

Thus are these religious contentions carried on by the most ignorant as well as the most learned. But as few in this age of piety and independence will be convinced of their errors, they serve but to create a kind of enmity between Christians, that degrades the character they profess to maintain. But while there are preachers in every house, errors must abound. Would the Clergy compare notes, and come to a better understanding among themselves, in all probability, there would not be such a diversity of opinions among the Laity; but as long as the former contend for the *true* doctrine, the latter will run after different pastors, and the most eloquent preacher will generally succeed in collecting the most numerous congregation. Hence schisms arise. The bigot

says—"I am more orthodox than you;" the enthusiast—"I am sounder in the faith;" and thus superstition and fanaticism, while they make their own election sure, charitably consign to everlasting misery all who do not think as they do. The Churchman tamely observes the rapid strides that are making towards the subversion of the established religion; satisfied that, as the world becomes more enlightened by the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, erroneous doctrines and unscriptural tenets will give place to apostolic truths, and bring the church to its primitive simplicity. But while faith and practice refuse to go hand in hand, hope and charity will be at variance; and the Christian graces that should inhabit one soul and prepare it for eternity, being thus disunited and deprived of each other's support, may, for aught we know, disappoint all our expectations of happiness in a future state.

Moderation, seasoned with a commendable zeal for the maintenance of the Gospel, is certainly a glorious trait in the Christian character. But apathy of spirit, in times like the present, when the Church is undermined and threatened with destruction is reprehensible, and should be roused into action. Force must be repelled by force; and every individual, at such a time, should lend an assisting hand, and exert all his energy to put a stop to invasions of so ruinous a tendency. But at the present moment, there seems to be more teachers than persons to be taught. Not only

school boys and apprentices, as before observed, but every country looby, as soon as he can write his name or read a paragraph, thinks himself capable of discussing the most important subjects, and able to clear up the most doubtful points. Too wise, in his own opinion, to listen to his Pastor, he is now, he presumes, fully qualified to expound the Scriptures *himself*, with clearness and precision, and actually takes upon himself that sacred duty ; in which he is suffered to proceed sometimes with, and sometimes without *leave* or *licence*.

How far these learned beings will increase the wisdom and piety of a nation, remains to be proved ; but it is surmised by many, that religion is more talked of than practised in this enlightened age ; and, that under the garb of sanctity, vice and immorality trespass on the peace of all classes of society.

Whether we shall become a happier nation as knowledge increases, or a more virtuous people by enlarging the mind of the peasantry, and annihilating the rustic simplicity of our cottagers, is a question that must also be left to the decision of time. The increase of crimes, however, and the barbarities practised by the lower class of late years, do little credit to the dissemination of Christian *knowledge*, and are by no means adapted to encourage the liberal system of education that is so universally, though perhaps indiscriminately, patronized. Equality seems to be the prevailing

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NUMBER XXIX.

ON THE EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

'Tis education forms the tender mind;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd,
 Children like tender osiers take the bow,
 And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.

ALTHOUGH England, it is generally allowed, presents the most sublime examples of charity, benevolence, and attention to the poor; still might she take a few salutary hints from her continental neighbours to ameliorate their condition. The diffusion of *useful* instruction, the forming the mind to habits of industry, and attending to the morals, are considerations of the highest importance to the state and to the community at large; and yet, whilst the greatest activity prevails in the distribution of the Bible, and the most zealous exertions are employed in the dissemination of *Christian knowledge*, the inculcation of *Christian virtues* is lamentably neglected in the British seminaries. To behold the noble institutions and fine establishments that are supported

by the voluntary contributions of the good and great, fail in these mighty instances, is truly distressing. But in this pious and enlightened age, the domestic occupations and useful instructions so necessary for the lower class to be versed in, are not even admitted as *secondary considerations*. The labourers' children are no longer taught to knit or mend a stocking, to sharpen knives or brush a coat—no—they must away to school to learn to *read* and *write*. Masters and mistresses may instruct them in their household work and make good servants of them, if they can, after they enter their service ; which, by the way, youngsters of the present age seldom engage in, without the proviso *of being permitted to attend an evening school* of some description or other, *to finish their education*. Sometimes to improve themselves in reading—sometimes in writing—but seldom in *work*, unless it be to hemstitch a frill, or trace a pattern for a flounce. To such a pitch has this mania for attainments arisen in some parts of the country, that even dancing schools are not only tolerated, but encouraged by the heads of some families, and are attended once or twice in the week by the blithesome Cinderellas and love-inspiring lackeys of the neighbourhood ; who, for two or three hours “ trip it on the light fantastic toe,” to the great astonishment of some, and annoyance of those, who, not employing more attendants than they have occasion for, would be much better pleased

to see them foot it at home. Nor does the evil rest here ;—even the arts and sciences are threatened with invasion *from the lower regions*, and are most presumptuously encroached upon by the rude aspiring multitude. It will scarcely be believed that a most illiterate servant of *all-work*, to use the general term, on presenting herself the other day, to enter the service of a gentlewoman, before she finally agreed to undertake the place, inquired “if the lady would have any objection to let her play on the piony.” “Play on the piony!—what can you mean?” asked the mistress. “Yes, ma’am, please I should like to play on the piony, when I have done my work ;—please, ma’am, on the music, I mean,” continued the accomplished maiden, twiddling her fingers in graceful motion, to make her meaning the better understood. However, as the lady was not so very harmoniously inclined, she had no mind to indulge the ambition of Mopsy ; and so they parted, ne’er to meet again.

The next upon the list of candidates for a kind and indulgent mistress, was a damsel of the most brilliant order. She could *read* and *write* with all the spirit of the times ;—a perfect heroine, emerging from the studies of Greece and the Poets—stop Mr. Printer—*grease* and the *pots*, if you please, pray be correct in your orthography, the critics will have quite enough to do ;—so mind —from the study of *grease*, &c. she retired to the study of her master, “for pen, ink, and paper,

that she might, sometimes, her sorrows write ;” and sometimes display her ingenuity by amassing matter for her *scrap-book*. But this was not till after she had dressed the dinner, and half dressed herself. It was then only that she went to gather scraps.

As to the Bible, she had been taught to read that—and that she thought sufficient. It enabled her to peruse compositions more adapted to her taste. So the sacred volume, with which she had been presented, was not yet, nor was it likely to be, a bit the worse for use.

Well would it be for society in general, if the evil of indiscriminate education rested here. But it is a melancholy fact, that whilst gospel information is spreading abroad, crimes seem to multiply at home—a national calamity that must surely be attributed to the want of a due regard to the *practical* duties to which our attention is directed by the Great Author of our Religion.

Dr. Bell’s national institution—Mr. Lancaster’s benevolent plan—and parochial schools, where so many thousands of the poor and needy are taught at a very trifling expense, must be considered of vast importance ; as tending to the civilization of that class of individuals, which might otherwise be abandoned to a state of ignorance and barbarity. Yet do these great establishments, in many instances, fail in rendering that benefit to the community, which might reasonably be expected from the zealous exertions of philanthropy.

and the liberality so peculiar to the nation. In fine, the diffusion of *useful instruction*, and the furnishing employment to promote habits of industry, are the great essentials wanting to amend the morals, and consequently to prevent the growth of crime. Idleness, it is generally agreed, is the root of all evil ; and in England, where there are so many noble receptacles for the indigent, it is deplorable to see the streets and villages so overrun with dirty idle children, who, if more diligent attention were bestowed in parochial regulations, and a system of industry adopted in the schools and poor houses, might be enabled to contribute to their own support, and become useful members of society, rather than a burden on the country.

In the public seminaries for poor children in Germany, they are not only taught to read and write, but are instructed in all kinds of useful employments for their future benefit. The girls are taught to knit and use their needle, and are exercised in all sorts of household work ; and at a proper age are sent out to service with a decent change of garments, not to *learn*, but to *do* the work of a servant. The boys are instructed in different branches of trade, as their inclination may lead them, and the produce of their industry contributes to the support of the establishments whence they derive their sources of future support. What are here signalized by the appellation of Dutch toys, are chiefly made by German children at Nuremberg, and sent to Holland,

where they find a ready market for exportation, as the Dutch merchants send a vast number of them to this country. While the bigger boys are employed in turning, the lesser ones, with the aid of a knife, make the handles, spouts, &c. which they ~~after stick on with glue, and then daub them~~ over with a little paint according to fancy. Those who are further advanced, are employed in carving the figures of animals, instruments, &c. So from the youngest to the eldest they are all constantly and usefully employed, excepting in the necessary time allotted for recreation and exercise.

Nor are the Dutch less diligent in their attention to the occupations of their poor. Children are trained up to the same industrious habits which generally accompany them through life, and shed their influence over their moral conduct. In Holland, robberies are rarely committed, and instances of cruelty seldom occur. And though the juice of the juniper is not held in abhorrence by the natives, still never do they indulge to excess. Indeed it has been observed by travellers, that they never by any chance met any one in the streets in a state of inebriety, but the Tars belonging to the British vessels in the harbour.

NUMBER XXX.



ON EDUCATION IN GENERAL.

We find th' intent of Nature foil'd,
A Tailor or a Butcher spoil'd.

.....

.....

For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what t'other son should be.



ALTHOUGH a system of universal education, *indiscriminately* bestowed, is allowed to be a general evil; still, the happy effects of implanting religious and moral principles on the minds of youth, and the training them to virtuous and industrious habits, are too obvious to be denied. The diffusion of such knowledge must be considered as essential to the nation which adopts the plan, as it is gratifying to humanity and benevolence to contribute to its support. But to see that kind of instruction neglected which is best calculated to enable the poor and needy, when in health, to provide for themselves, is truly distressing.—'Tis a negligence that involves the community at

large ; and an evil that calls aloud for the humane exertions of some able individual to correct. Such exertions would effectually ameliorate the condition of the poor, and reflect immortal honor on the man whose ability and philanthropy could mature a plan of such importance to the state, as well as to the rising generation.

Children in general should be taught, surely, according to their condition and capacity ; but now that education is brought to such a pitch of refinement, it is no uncommon sight to behold the offspring of ignorance and vulgarity practising all the airs and graces of a fine lady, having attained a smattering of all the elegant accomplishments suited to the higher classes of society ; while the progeny of more respectable members of the community in less propitious circumstances are doomed to suffer all the mortifications that upstart consequence can inflict upon them.

Petty farmers must needs send their *darters* to a *polite seminary for young ladies*, to *larn grammar*, play the *pione*, and dance a *cadril*, because it *gi'es un* such a *hare* to *larn* to dance. In the mean time the industrious parents are drudging at home, and complaining that the times are too hard, and taxes too high, to enable them to get an *honest* living by farming. At length Miss comes home from school quite accomplished ; but superior to the business of a dairy. She cannot bear the fatigue of making butter or cheese—scorns to milk a cow—and abhors a farm-house altogether.

She wonders, upon all occasions, how Mamma can be so vulgar—that Papa can be such a fool—brother Will such a clod-pole—and cousin Dick such a clown. In short, the poor thing being *over larned* for her *sitivation* in life, is neither fit for one thing nor another. She is ashamed of her parents—finds no companionable associates among her neighbours—and is in fact miserable, from being brought up with a contempt for the occupations for which nature intended her.

Chandlers, bakers, and butchers, instead of making their children useful at home, pack them off also to a boarding school, both to get them out of the way, and to fit them for a *sitivation* under Government, for there's no such thing as getting an *honest* livelihood by *trade*. "John," who is named after the Member, "shan't be drudging at a trade, I promise them—he shall have a place in the Customs; and Charles, he shall be an Exciseman, or I'll know the reason why. If they are not both well-provided for, and shortly too, they shan't have my vote at the next election—I can promise them. I've been at a fine expense for their *edication* to fit them for *sich* a *sitivation*, and I'm not going to let them be *sarvants* or hard working people after all!" And thus are the offspring of the present race, in every class of society, taught to aspire above their condition.

The wealthy citizen is no longer able to breathe in the foggy atmosphere that envelops St. Paul's and its neighbourhood, but must have a superb

establishment in Portland Place, or Portman Square ; besides his country residence, which is risen from a cottage to a mansion ; to which at stated times the family repair. But what a change of scene ! the ennui is insupportable. And the difficulty of getting masters to attend the children is not to be surmounted. As to Desi, he'll not stir, for love nor money ; consequently Augusta will not be perfect in that brilliant solo for the harp, which was intended for the ear of Royalty ;—and Amelia will cut but a poor figure in the quadrilles next season at Almack's.

At Almack's !—Amelia Traffic cut a figure at Almack's ! What will the Lady Patronesses say to such presumption ? No matter—the trial must be made ; and a governess engaged who, in the absence of masters, can perfect the fair candidates for applause in their different accomplishments. Accordingly an advertisement is drawn up, and despatched for insertion ; which, by good management, makes its appearance the following day in the Morning Post ; running thus :—

“ WANTED, by a Family on the eve of departure from Town, a finishing Governess for two young Ladies who have just left school. She must be able to teach them English, French, and Italian grammatically, and be perfectly conversant in each. Music, Drawing, Writing and Arithmetic, History, Geography and Astronomy, with the use of the Globes—and if she can give them occasional lessons in Singing and Dancing, it will be the more agreeable. In addition to these usual branches of education, she will be expected to cultivate a taste for Literature and the fine Arts, and to improve her Pupils in grace and

elegance, of manners. Thirty Pounds per Annum, exclusive of washing, will not be objected to; and the Lady will be allowed to associate with the family."

Was ever any thing so preposterous? Education is come to a fine pitch, to be sure! The ladies have just left school, and want a finishing governess! And thirty pounds per annum for such a combination of talents! Should they be found in one individual, she may indeed be thought qualified to associate with the family. It surely surpasses all the WANTS of such a nature that ever were, or ever will be wanted. The Traffics have amassed a pretty round sum by fair means or foul, and seem to know how to take care of it,—if one may judge, by the *liberal offer* made in the advertisement above. Thus, while the offspring of a thriving Snip, or a noted Crispin, are educated for the wives of noblemen, gentlemen of high birth and education are often doomed to place their sons behind the counter of a Mr. Twist or a Mr. Allspice, to weigh a pound of soap or an ounce of tobacco; and to behold their daughters filling the very desirable situation of governess or companions, and lavishing their talents on a race of illiberal-minded plebeians, who know not how to value them; and are too apt to shew every indignity that purse-proud gentry are so capable of bestowing on their superiors, when doomed by hard necessity to enter their abode.

But after all, when these accomplished daughters are *brought out*, in all probability a negotia-

tion of greater interest will be entered upon, with some Spark of fashion; who will immediately put the hoarded cash into circulation, and squander it away, perhaps, in greater haste than it was amassed. But no matter; the whole family of the Traffics have made a fine collection, by imposing on one, defrauding another, and obliging a third with the profits at a pretty heavy interest.

What then, Mr. Bareface! Do you really mean to intimate that there are no honest traders in our great commercial city?

Not exactly so, neither;—but I am apt to fear there are not a great many, according to the present appearance of things; and the report of a few individuals of unshaken integrity and honor; who declare that business is carried on in such a *trickish* way at present, that the fair ingenuous dealer has no chance whatever of getting forward in the world. Such men must, therefore, retire and leave their families to provide for themselves; or they must adopt the plan of making money, “*honestly if they can*; but at *all events* to make money;” otherwise they’ll soon be outwitted by their neighbours, and ruin must be the consequence.

So high an opinion had Sir Justus Earnest of commercial integrity, that he has more than once openly declared, not one of his sons should ever have any thing to do with traffic; for this very reason,—“ ’twas next to impossible” he said,

“for an honest man to make any figure in the world by it.”

It is to be hoped, however, that the honorable Baronet, though so scrupulously just in his principles, was, for once, a little out in his judgment. Be that as it may, the great theatre of fashion of the present day would certainly not be so much crowded with *figurantes* of every description, if the profits of trade were limited by honesty and justice;—nor would your tailor’s bill be quite so high, Mr. Dandy;—neither would your shoemaker drive his curricie with a pair of beautiful bays, and an elegantly dressed female by his side, unless he levied a pretty high fine upon you and your companions, to enable him to do so. It may well be said the world’s turned topsyturvy, for the rage for grandeur infects every class of society. Each tries to outdo his neighbour; and a wealthy Trader may now be seen living in splendor and luxury, quite equal to the first Nobles of the land, and far superior to the well-born and best-bred Gentry of the times. The encouragement they meet with emboldens them to assume upon their wealth;—they get a box at the opera;—drive out on a Sunday, not in an humble gig, as formerly, to take the air after being confined a week behind the counter, but to *cut a dash* in a superb carriage, and an equipage suitable with modern grandeur. And thus they make their way in circles where their forefathers would not have been admitted to stand behind a chair!!

sun thus, without being covered. Come Drudgy,' says he, beckoning her from the pigs and poultry, 'put on your silk pelisse, and here's a beautiful ribbon for your bonnet, fit for any lady in the land.' "

" Well, have it your own way, Dame. If she must go to school, I suppose she must ; and we must make the Captain and his brother officers pay for it, by *hook* or by *crook*, as the saying is, She'll be out of harm's way, at any rate."

Accordingly the butter basket was, from that day, handed over to Jack. A *rodicule* quickly supplied its place, dangling, with graceful negligence, on the arm that could no longer endure the weight of eggs ; and Drudgy was packed off to school the ensuing Michaelmas, with her silk pelisse and colours flying in all directions. And oh ! what a wonderful change did a few short months produce. When Miss came home for the holidays, she was entirely devoted to her books—to her toilette—to her writing desk—and to her evening rambles. Her former companions were beneath her notice, and she held in utter contempt the mean occupations of a dairy ; her mind was already too enlightened for such menial employments. And being a girl of ready apprehension, two years, according to her own decision, completed her education ; at the expiration of which time she *came out*, quite accomplished. She could waltz with the heroes who defended the coast ; she could dance a quadrille at the election

by their industry and frugality, afforded them not only the necessities, but the comforts, and even the luxuries of life. In fine, their indefatigable exertions, during the great military harvest that smiled around the different stations of the warriors to whom they were indebted for their prosperity; soon enabled them to release their daughter from the occupations to which she had been accustomed, and to send her to a neighbouring boarding school, to learn to dance, and read, and write, and play, agreeably to her inclination.

"I should like to give her a little *larning*, poor thing;—'tis a hard case not to be able to do like other folks," said the good Dame to her husband one day, as they were filling the basket with eggs, butter, and poultry, for the daughter to carry to market. "She's been a good girl hitherto. See, Master, how nicely she's made up the butter, and how plump the chicken are!—they're all of her own rearing. She's no notion of being outdone by her neighbours—nor more she shan't neither; for go to school she shall, an that's poz."

"Go to the D——l, Dame! Why who's to go to market? who's to make the butter? who's to feed the pigs? and who's to rear the poultry?"

"Oh! leave that to me—I'll do all that;" replies the good-natured mother. "Captain O'Flirty said but the other day 'twas a shame to keep her so hard at work—'fetch her in directly,' says he, 'and let her dress herself for a walk with me;—why she'll be as brown as a berry exposed to the

modern divinities who are possessed with a mania for heathenish practices. Abigalia, Letticia, Dorothea, Magdalena, Charlotta, and *Drudgena*, are sounds that vibrate on the senses, and put the limbs in double motion. But what effect can the vile abominable cry of Sukey—Abigail—Letty—Drudge—or Dolly, produce upon the heavy leaden heels of those who are doomed by God-mothers to answer to such hideous names? They must be Italianized or Frenchified; the effect will then be brilliant! Effect is every thing! so every thing must have effect. And by enchantment leaden heels may turn to feathered wings, and with their victims fly away.

But what a digression! When authors are once upon the wing, pressed forward by a sudden revolution in the upper regions,—away they go! and sometimes fly they know not whither; losing half their wits before they can find their way back to the spot from whence they took their departure! Pray then have pity, good stranger, on their lost condition, and greet them kindly on their safe return.

From a neat little farm, the residence of *Drudgena's* parents, was this digression made. To this neat little farm, then, must the author return, or the daughter will be fled. She already feels a disgust for the occupations to which she was bred, and declares she will no longer assist in the drudgery of a farm-house. Her parents are honest, hard-working people, whose well-cultivated acres

by their industry and frugality, afforded them not only the necessities, but the comforts, and even the luxuries of life. In fine, their indefatigable exertions, during the great military harvest that smiled around the different stations of the warriors to whom they were indebted for their prosperity; soon enabled them to release their daughter from the occupations to which she had been accustomed, and to send her to a neighbouring boarding school, to learn to dance, and read, and write, and play, agreeably to her inclination.

"I should like to give her a little *larning*, poor thing;—'tis a hard case not to be able to do like other folks," said the good Dame to her husband one day, as they were filling the basket with eggs, butter, and poultry, for the daughter to carry to market. "She's been a good girl hitherto. See, Master, how nicely she's made up the butter, and how plump the chicken are!—they're all of her own rearing. She's no notion of being outdone by her neighbours—nor more she shan't neither; for go to school she shall, an that's poz."

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sun thus, without being covered. Come Drudgy,' says he, beckoning her from the pigs and poultry, 'put on your silk pelisse, and here's a beautiful ribbon for your bonnet, fit for any lady in the land.' "

" Well, have it your own way, Dame. If she must go to school, I suppose she must; and we must make the Captain and his brother officers pay for it, by *hook* or by *crook*, as the saying is, She'll be out of harm's way, at any rate."

Accordingly the butter basket was, from that day, handed over to Jack. A *rodicule* quickly supplied its place, dangling, with graceful negligence, on the arm that could no longer endure the weight of eggs; and Drudgy was packed off to school the ensuing Michaelmas, with her silk pelisse and colours flying in all directions. And oh! what a wonderful change did a few short months produce. When Miss came home for the holidays, she was entirely devoted to her books—to her toilette—to her writing desk—and to her evening rambles. Her former companions were beneath her notice, and she held in utter contempt the mean occupations of a dairy; her mind was already too enlightened for such menial employments. And being a girl of ready apprehension, two years, according to her own decision, completed her education; at the expiration of which time she *came out*, quite accomplished. She could waltz with the heroes who defended the coast; she could dance a quadrille at the election

assembly; and she could foot it away most admirably on the deck of a seventy-four, to the lively tunes of "Speed the Plough" or "Molly put the Kettle on." She could play "the Devil among the Tailors" too, and a variety of other pretty airs, if the humour seized her. In short, she had a smattering of all the necessary attainments for a lady of distinction—and a lady of distinction she certainly became. With a pretty face, a sprightly disposition, and a tolerable share of confidence, she made her way from one family to another; and at length ingratiated herself into the affections of a first rate Dandy, when on a visit to one of her school-fellows.

"And now, with ready tongue, he sings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows, and demme's, skill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do."

The superficial attainments displayed by the young Lady, with that ease and air of independence that, in former days, peculiarly belonged to the higher class; and her reverting, now and then, to the gay festivities of the country round about her native dwelling; deceived the gay adventurer into a firm belief that she was the daughter of some wealthy 'Squire, and gave him a longing to share with her the joys of rural retirement.

Miss, on her part, having no mean opinion of her personal charms and powers of pleasing, concluded he was bound in her chains for ever; and

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having no inclination to conceal her accomplishments under the roof of a farm house, she consented to a secret alliance, when, upon such terms, he proposed to lead her to the hymeneal altar : under pretence that his parents had another lady in view for him, who, though possessed of millions, would never be half so fair, nor half so rich. in his estimation, as the lovely, the *all-accomplished* Drudgena.

Thus deceived and deceiving, did she enter the matrimonial bands with an accomplished villain and a worthless prodigal—who for this last act of temerity had nothing to look forward to but a prison—and an awful transition from the hymeneal altar, to the halter he had prepared for himself, by wedding the fair Drudgena before his first lawful companion had retired to her peaceful home.

NUMBER XXXII.



ON THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

THE Times, the British Press, or the Morning Post? vociferated young Mr. Classic as he entered the breakfast parlour, holding up three newspapers in one hand, and clasping a bundle of pamphlets, magazines, and epistolary packets in the other, which he threw down upon the table, observing—"there Cousin, there's food for the mind as well as the body—that's the best fare, after all."

"Well, then, feed away, Cousin, till you are satisfied, and leave me to the meaner part of the repast;" replied the Lady, "for I have been twice round the shrubbery this morning, and find that my animal spirits want first recruiting with some of the substantials, though they seem to be but secondary considerations with you."

"That's because you've sharpened your appetite more than your wit, with your walk, fair Lady, or else you'd perceive that I am as much inclined as yourself to partake of the good things you have provided, in order to give a higher relish to the mental part of the fare ; which, you'll please to observe, I said—was the best—*after all.*"

"Come, I give you credit for that, Mr. Classic. What a happy turn!—an idea well adapted to your taste I'm sure—and quite worthy of the Sage who pronounced it. Pray what says the British Press, Mr. Classic? you seem deeply interested."

"Not at all. I was merely casting my eye over the *MULTUM IN PARVO*, and the paragraphs."

"Why that's all that's worth reading, in general. Pray how is the King?"

"The King!—Let me see ; oh !—*'The King took an airing this morning, attended by Sir B. Bloomfield, through Hyde Park. His Majesty was greeted by a smiling multitude, and appeared in excellent health and spirits.'*"

"Well, I'm glad to hear that—for John Bull's a surly dog sometimes ; and very apt to snarl though you do but look at him, when he's not pleased."

"He only means to shew that he's thorough bred, Cousin, and ready to stand in his own defence if you attack him too roughly. His nature's not bad, though he looks so fierce."

“ Fierce you may well say, for he’s always growling at something or other—and it is no easy matter to quiet him, whatever you may think of his nature. Why it was but the other day, that the Spital-fields weavers presented a petition to the throne, praying relief, and beseeching His Majesty to prohibit foreign manufactured goods.”

“ Well, and what was the consequence ?”

“ Why His Majesty, in the first place, very generously subscribed a thousand pounds towards their relief; and shortly after gave an order to the manufacturers of the said Spital-fields, for the tapestry and hangings for the state apartments in Windsor Castle. And after all their praying, and growling, and grumbling, one of the manufacturers must need send a part of the order to be executed at Lyons! which circumstance, however, reaching His Majesty’s ear, directions were immediately issued, that the goods should be wrought, *if at all*, in this country. Can any thing be more inconsistent than these thorough bred animals, as you call them, are at times? Do you think they deserve the encouragement the King has always given to home manufactories? Had His Majesty sent the order to Lyons, instead of the artificer, what kind of a nature, think ye, would Mr. Mastiff have manifested then towards his Sovereign ?”

“ Why really, you run on with such a string of questions, my dear Cousin, ’tis impossible to reply to any of them.”

“I know it—they are unanswerable! So go on with the news, will you?”

“News!—why you don’t expect to find news in the papers surely? They are filled with any thing but news now. Here’s **THE BUDGET—POET’S CORNER—CHIT CHAT AT HOME—CHIT CHAT ABROAD—MARCH OF INTELLECT—BON MOTS—CONUNDRUMS—ADDRESS TO CORRESPONDENTS**—sage remarks by the *Royal* editor, according to the pronoun that is invariably used—and in fine, every thing but news.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

“The King is still at St. James’s.—Workmen busily employed at Windsor.—Duke of Clarence gone to Portsmouth.—Improvements going on in the Navy.—Duke of Sussex distributed prizes at the arts and sciences—”

“Bravo!—If things go on at this rate, genius meeting with encouragement, and merit with reward; the arts will soon revive; and England’s Navy, the hope and proud bulwark of the country, will recover her strength. If promotions are made without regard to talent, skill, or length of service, what is there to sustain the supremacy of the British flag, in the hour of danger? The system of partial patronage, and leaving experienced and meritorious officers, who have no interest at Court, to languish in obscurity, could not be continued without ruin to the public service.”

“Well; after this soliloquy, you’ll go on to the paragraphs perhaps?”

“Trade is very dull.—Riots in the manufacturing districts.—Nothing to be done in the money market.—Green peas sold for twenty-five shillings per pint in Covent Garden last week.—Something new daily expected from the pen of Lady Morgan.—Duke of Wellington rode through Hyde Park yesterday.—Don Miguel took his departure.—Dinner given to Lord Melville at Portsmouth last week.—”

“Very interesting indeed. I hope the parties had a pleasant ride and a good appetite ; and that you will, presently, let me hear something more amusing.”

“Patience, Cousin, patience. All in good time ;—I like to go on regularly. You must learn to take things as you find them ; good, bad, or indifferent.”

“**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—At a dinner lately given to Lord Mildton and his suite at Portsmouth, one of his Lordship’s attendants, not remarkable for his diffidence, and seemingly not aware of the respect due to nobility, and more particularly in public, which is the only excuse *we* can make for him ; took up his glass and looking at his Lordship as he held it between his finger and thumb—‘Mildton, a glass of wine?’ said he, with all the familiarity of an equal. His Lordship most condescendingly bowed assent—filled his glass—and drank it off, without betraying any particular symptom of disapprobation. Presently a young Midshipman at the lower end

of the table, who had observed the countenance of his Lordship, and the presumption of the challenger ; taking up his glass, and addressing the Secretary in the same familiar way—‘Crawley,’* said he, ‘a glass of wine?’ J. W. Crawley, Esq. M. P. not having that self-possession peculiar to high birth, poured a few drops of wine reluctantly into his glass, with indignation marked upon his brow ; which the young Midshipman observing—‘Come come, Crawley, that will never do,’ said he, ‘fill your glass ;—Secs and Middies, you know, never object to a bumper!’—*Hampshire Chronicle*.

“March of intellect, indeed !—It reminds me, Cousin, of a story I have heard of Farinelli, whose presumption was almost equal to this gentleman’s, in consequence of his being admitted into the company of his superiors. However, he had a pretty severe reprimand at last.

“Farinelli was a subject of the Duke of Modena. When in London, and the tide of his popularity was at its height, he made no scruple of treating the very first of our Nobility with the most unceremonious rudeness. The Duke of Modena happened to be in England at this period ; and being expected one evening at Northumberland House, for the amusement of his Serene Highness, Farinelli was also invited. At the very moment, however, of his expected arrival, he sent a message

* This Gentleman, we understand, is a Member of the Crawley Family so well depicted in Lady Morgan’s FLORENCE M’CARTHY.

that he was engaged at Lady Coventry's, and could not come.

"Upon receiving the message, the Duke of Northumberland was much disconcerted, and made many apologies to the Duke of Modena. Upon which His Serene Highness, immediately beckoning to one of his suite,—‘Go and tell Farinelli to come here immediately,’ said he.

"In a short time Farinelli made his appearance; and upon his entrance, all the company, except the Duke of Modena, rose from their seats, and a chair was handed him.

"‘What! my Lord Duke,’ said His Serene Highness, ‘do you suffer a public Singer to sit in your presence? Go, Farinelli,’ continued he, ‘and stand in yonder corner, and sing one of your best songs, and in your best manner.’

"Accordingly Farinelli obeyed; and acquitted himself in his very best style. When he had done, the Duke made a motion to him to retire. Upon which Farinelli bowed most respectfully to the company, and withdrew."

"And glad enough to make his escape, I should suppose;" observed Mr. Classic. "I wonder if His very Serene Highness would allow Christian burial to such an offender upon returning to his native land to rest his bones? A little tyrannical, methinks. That would not exactly suit the independent spirit of a British subject."

"Perhaps not;—but, if British subjects of no repute will presume upon their good fortune and

the indulgence they meet with from persons of rank, they must expect some time or other to be chastised for their assurance. The growth of insolence, and consequence, and pride, among the purse-proud gentry of the present age, is really appalling. And between you and I,—I think it is full time that it should be checked a little.”

“And I think it is full time for the breakfast things to be sent away ; so I’ll ring if you please,” returned Mr. Classic, “for I shall not get through the papers till midnight, at this rate. The great Alfred, you may recollect, Cousin, allowed himself but half an hour for his meals. Now, as you seem to have such an aversion from encroachments on the good order of society, I wonder you are not a little more economical of your time. I’m afraid, too, you lavish it away in more instances than one.”

“I’m afraid so too, my worthy Cousin. But never mind ;—one man’s loss is another’s gain. So my extravagance may serve to amuse those who want to kill the enemy ; and if they should reflect a little on my follies, they may turn them, perhaps, to their own advantage.”

“Which paper will you take while I look over the debates ? They are very interesting just now ; but I suppose you don’t care much about them ?”

“Not a pin ;—give me the Post, if you please ; I shall see something of the fashions and the fashionables there. The scurrility of the Times is

past endurance ; and the freedom of the British Press is so tainted with licentiousness, that——”

“ Oh ! that’s liberty, Cousin ! British liberty ; the pride and boast of the nation ! ”

“ A mere illusion, Mr. Classic, and a most mischievous evil. I wouldn’t spend a sixpence for the purchase of a seditious pamphlet, or a disloyal poem, though replete with wit and humour, were I as rich as Croesus. E’en from Peter Pindar himself should my mite be withheld.”

“ Hold your tongue, Simpleton, do ;—what should you know about such things ? The freedom of the British press, as well as the British subject, has been the admiration of all the world for ages ! ”

“ Yes—so have our laws and government, Mr. Wiseacre ; and they might justly be so, were they properly executed and regulated. But stop a little ;—in all probability we shall soon see things on their old footing. When men of ability and national spirit are placed at the head of affairs, we may reasonably look forward to a general reformation ; as well in men and manners, as in the State. The Right Honorable Secretary for the Home Department, for example, is labouring with all his strength, for the good of the community at large.—The Duke of Wellington is indefatigable in his exertions ; and, according to Mr. Editor’s account—he *acts* tho’ he leaves others to *talk*.”

“ Well, I wish *you* wouldn’t talk quite so much, my dear Cousin ; but leave me to go on with this

incomparable speech of Brougham's, that took him more than six hours in the delivery!—there's a man for you!"

"Yes, he's certainly a man of wonderful abilities;—but I think, notwithstanding, we are rather indebted to Mr. Peel for this speech; though Mr. Brougham merits the thanks of the public, most assuredly, for so powerfully aiding and assisting towards the completion of a work of such national importance."

"Well, think as you please, my dear Cousin. I can only say that female politicians have mighty queer notions sometimes. So do let me recommend you to amuse yourself a little with the fashions and the fashionables in the Morning Post."

"Very well, give it me then—but 'twas impossible to read while the man was clattering about the cups and saucers, and poking the fire out. He hasn't left a spark, I declare!"

"Never mind, fair Cousin, you'll find plenty among the fashionables!"

"Is that intended for something new, Mr. Classic? It partakes of the wit displayed on the tongue and brains of a calf's head, at all events."

NUMBER XXXIII.



**ON BULLS, AND THE MISAPPLICA-
TION OF WORDS.**

Ridicule has greater pow'r
To reform the world than sour.
.....
.....
I may storm and rage in vain ;
It but stupifies your brain.
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle ;
Gives imagination scope ;
Never lets your mind elope.

“LONDON Fashions, from Ackerman’s Repository, much the same as last month. Bonnets a l’ombrage, trimmed with couleurs de l’Arc en ciel. As to the general remarks on dress, they are too ridiculous. So interwoven with technical terms and abstruse phrases, that they are totally incomprehensible to every one but a professor of the modish arts ; so I may as well pass them over,”—murmured Philomatha.

“His Majesty, with his usual consideration for his loving subjects, has requested that the ladies who mean to attend the Drawing Room on Thursday, will appear entirely in British manufactures.”

“The disturbances at Manchester are, in some measure, subsided ; and most of the rioters have returned peaceably to their employers.”

“We have recently seen a most beautiful specimen of the great improvement made in English Leghorn bonnets.”—*Provincial Gazette*.

“And sure now,” says Paddy, “if an Englishman were born in Ireland, he’d just be after making as many blunders as any Irishman in the world, or any where else. Now I should very well like to know how an English can be a Leghorn bonnet, Mr. Editor ? and whether cloth made in Belfast or in Scotland is one and the same thing ? For I observed the other day that a Linen-draper in Oxford Street had notified, by a placard on his window,—SCOTCH IRISH SOLD HERE ! Now this is mighty odd, thought I ; and in Ireland, sure, we would never believe that Irish was Scotch, or that Scotch was Irish. But in England nobody seems to doubt it !”

Do not some of our learned Senators commit a similar blunder in the misapplication of the word Catholic ? This cannot proceed from want of knowing better, at all events ; but custom has tolerated the use of the word in a very wrong sense ; and, in all probability, it will creep into our dictionaries a few years hence, with quite a new

meaning annexed to it. Neither Sheridan, Walker, nor Johnson, inform us that *Catholic* has in view but one particular sect; though, from the general acceptance of the word, many are led into that error; and others give into it with their eyes wide open, and in opposition to their clearer senses. These Lexicographers most decidedly aver, that the term *Catholic* means universal; and consequently relates to the whole body of Christians, and includes all its members, whether Greeks, Romans, Germans, Scotch, Irish, or English. Yet so generally is the word used to denote that sect which belongs exclusively to the church of Rome, that even Peers, as well as the Members of the Lower House, not excepting Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, injudiciously adopt the phrase, in debating what is called the CATHOLIC QUESTION; and incessantly recur to the Catholic Emancipation, the Catholic Claims, the Catholic Petitions, the Catholic tenets, &c. Even the press tolerates the usage of the term; and it is no uncommon thing for the learned editors of pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines, to talk of Irish Roman Catholics, and English Roman Catholics, in allusion to the members of the Romish church.

A flock of geese, or sheep, are generally observed to follow the same course; and yet, occasionally, one more sagacious than the rest, will wander from his dull companions and lead the way to better pasture. Shall animals then, that

may be classed above the cackling or baaing tribe, for ever pace the same dull common track, without an effort to improve their way?

These blundering bulls, for aught we know, may lead to mischiefs yet unseen. "Is it not one of the chief articles of your creed to believe in the Holy Catholic Church?" asks Mr. Legate in his anxiety to allure you to the Romish doctrines, "and do you not constantly pray for the good estate of the Catholic Church? and yet you will not declare yourself a Catholic."

"A Catholic?—I would not be a Catholic for all the world"—ejaculated honest John Bull. "I hate the Catholics, and will never pray again for the Catholic Church as long as I live, or say that I believe in it more, if, as you declare, it only refers to the Popish Religion."

Not that John Bull actually dislikes any individual because he is a Romanist, though he is apt to express himself so oddly; 'tis the profession, not the person, he objects to. He cannot endure the idea of encountering a Pope's bull, and I verily believe that all the bulls in the nation would be horrified and set up a roar at the approach of such a monster, though they do but laugh at an Irish bull, and occasionally imitate his natural propensity to set other bulls in a roar.

"Well there's not much news in the paper, sure enough," said Philomatha, after scanning over a few paragraphs. "Nothing but accidents, murders, robberies, and atrocious attacks of every

description. Catholic Meetings—Meetings of the Bible Society—and all kinds of Meetings for the Suppression of Vice ; and yet crimes seem to abound more than ever. Oh ! by the way I must just take a peep at Poet's Corner.”

POETRY.

(FROM SWIFT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE LEGION CLUB.)

As I stroll the city, oft I
 Spy a building large and lofty,
 Not a bow-shot from the College,
 Half the Globe from sense and knowledge ;
 By the prudent Architect,
 Plac'd against the Church direct ;
 Making good my Grandame's jest,
Near the Church—you know the rest.

Tell us what this pile contains ?
 Many a head that holds no brains.
 These Demoniacs let me dub
 With the name of *Legion Club*.

TIM AND THE FABLES,

(FROM THE TENTH INTELLIGENCER.)

In Lucas's by chance there lay
 The Fables writ by Mr. Gay.
 Tim set the volume on a table,
 Read over here and there a Fable ;
 And found, as he the pages twirl'd,
 The Monkey who had seen the World :
 For Tonson had, to help the sale,
 Prefix'd a Cut to every Tale.

The Monkey was completely drest,
 The Beau in all his airs exprest.
 Tim with surprise and pleasure staring,
 Ran to the glass, and then comparing
 His own sweet figure with the Print,
 Distinguish'd ev'ry feature in't.
 The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge in all,
 Just as they look'd in the original.
 " 'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
 " I well remember when I sat for't.
 " My every face, at first I knew it,
 " Just in the dress the Painter drew it."
 Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten,
 Would read what underneath was written.
 The merry tale, with moral grave :
 He now began to storm and rave ;—
 " The cursed villain ! now I see
 " This was a libel meant at me :
 " Those Scribblers grow so bold of late,
 " Against us Ministers of State !
 " Such Jacobites as he deserve,—
 " D——me, I say they ought to starve."

(FROM THE BEASTS' CONFESSION.)

When Beasts could speak, (the learned say
 They still can do so every day,)
 It seems they had Religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd when a Plague broke out,
 (Which therefore made them more devout)
 The King of Brutes (to make it plain,
 Of Quadrupeds I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command
 That ev'ry Subject in the Land
 Should to the Priest confess their sins;
 And thus the pious Wolf begins :—

"Good father, I must own with shame,
 "That often I have been to blame;
 "I must confess on Friday last,
 "Wretch that I was, I broke my fast.
 "But I defy the basest tongue
 "To prove I did my Neighbour wrong;
 "Or ever went to seek my food
 "By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood."

And now for—

THE BUDGET.

"The first act by which Don Miguel betrayed his absolute intentions, was the publication of a decree, without reference to the Legislature, on the subject of smuggling corn into Portugal. A city punster observed, this proved him to be a rogue in grain."

Oh! this is too bad, and as old as Adam; besides, 'twas no city pun,—but the observation of a Miller.

"PRECAUTION.—A certain Don in Portugal, who, it is said, dreads the operation of shaving, has discovered a most effectual method to prevent the razor from doing any considerable mischief in the hand of an expert executioner,—'Make a Baron of your barber,' says he. 'Tremor will cease as he advances, and you will escape from having your face or throat cut.'"

"A man named Courtney, astonished the natives of Bucks, some years ago, by walking backwards over a quarter of a mile of ground, till he

had completed forty miles ; which he accomplished in the short space of one day. Such a feat, observed a wit, would create but little surprise now, as men are seen to go backwards every day."

"The same individual proposed to give a specimen of his *flighty* talents, and actually applied to the Vicar of the parish for leave to fly from the church ! But it was said it was the Vicar's object to induce people to fly *to*, and not *from* the church ; consequently this request was refused."

"A Knight of equal ingenuity has just notified to the public, that an expedition to the Moon, by an invention he has completed, may be accomplished with much greater ease than Captain Parry's expedition to the eastern part of our globe by a north-west passage ! Perhaps Sir Knight has been consulting with the Buckinghamshire original ; from whose wings, though cut, he might still contrive to take a pattern."

Old Cato used to say,—“ Wise men learn more from fools, than fools from wise men.”

And there's an end of “THE BUDGET.” I verily believe we shall, at last, be enabled to reach the antipodes by a perpendicular passage through the earth, from the tunnel under the Thames ; provided we can guard against springs and the want of air !

NUMBER XXXIV.



ON VARIOUS WONDERS.

Those things that startle me or you,
 I grant are strange; yet may be true.
 Who doubts that elephants are found
 For science and for sense renown'd?
 Borri records their strength of parts,
 Extent of thought, and skill in arts;

.....

.....

Let those who question this report
 To Pliny's ancient page resort.



“WELL, Mr. Classic, have you got through Mr. Brougham's speech?”

“Yes—and I think I never read a better.”

“I question, notwithstanding, if he has made such wonderful discoveries as some of his contemporaries, of whom I have been reading. One man has found the way to march backwards faster than others can proceed forwards;—another has invented wings for men to fly withal;—a third has discovered the way to raise himself without wings;—and a fourth propels you through the

earth with greater rapidity than steam can force you over the smooth surface of the main."

"Discoveries of a still more useful tendency are likely to be made too, by all account, my fair Cousin. Have you met with no greater wonders?"

"A few EXTRAORDINARY FACTS from the American papers. In the first place, they are going to make a navigable canal of the Falls of Niagara; and have already despatched one vessel with live stock. There's also an account of a Deserter who was sentenced to be shot, but was reprieved in consequence of having three times driven back the ball with his right hand! and a whole string of miraculous events of one kind or other, to horrify and amuse the credulous at a distance. Land monsters devouring every English emigrant they can fall upon—sea serpents rearing their hideous forms to clear the decks of every vessel they approach—and mermaids rising from the bottom of the deep to take a peep at their more formidable brethren!"

"You don't believe there are such animals then, from the ludicrous tone in which you repeat these accounts? Your faith, I presume, reaches no further than your sight; which is not very clear at times, I think I have heard you say?" observed Mr. Classic, with a profound bow.—"Millions of animals are supposed to exist in the bosom and at the bottom of the ocean, which the eye of man has never beheld. '*I have seen so much,*' says the learned Dr. Johnson, '*that I*

can believe more.' A mermaid, as it is described, is not a more extraordinary animal than that which, from its resemblance to the human species, we call the Wild Man of the Wood. And indeed the whole race of Monkeys seem to be so near akin to Man, that the Negroes in the West Indies are firmly persuaded they could even talk if they chose to do so ;—‘ *but no, Massa, him know better,*’ say they ; ‘ *Monkey lazy dog—him no love work, Massa. Soon as Monkey speak, Massa, Buckraman flog Monkey and make him work !*’

“ Mermaids are mentioned by Pliny, and Alexander of Alexandria. Marolla relates that Francis de Pavia was one day invited by the Queen of Zinga to fish for them in the Lake of Aquelindo, on the western coast of Africa : there he saw thirteen, and caught one. There was one also seen by several persons on the rocks of Derrygima, in Errisbeo. Mr. Evans, of Cleggan, who saw it, affirms, that for near an hour she remained in perfect tranquillity, in view of upwards of three hundred persons ; until a musket was levelled at her, which, having flashed in the pan, she immediately dived, and was not afterwards seen.”

“ Had you been one among the three hundred spectators, my learned Cousin, my doubts, perhaps, might have been removed.”

“ I thank you for that mark of civility, at all events ; but my testimony does not appear to be wanting, on a subject so well evidenced already.

Are they not mentioned to have been seen in Hudson's Voyage? And the Rev. Dr. Philip, in a letter from the Cape of Good Hope, dated April, 1822, says—'I have to day seen a Mermaid, now exhibiting in this town. I have always treated the existence of this creature as fabulous; but my scepticism is now removed.' He then proceeds with the description of the animal, which is similar to every other I have met with; only he observes in continuance—'the countenance has an expression of terror, which gives it the appearance of a caricature of the human face;' but he is disposed to think that both these circumstances are accidental, and arose from the manner in which the creature met its death. 'It was caught somewhere to the north of China by a fisherman, who sold it for a trifle; after which it was brought to Batavia. Here it was purchased by Captain Eades for five thousand Spanish dollars. Captain Eades is a passenger on board the American ship *Lion*, now in Table Bay.'

"Now do you think, my incredulous Cousin, that the Rev. Gentleman alluded to would lend his name to testify a circumstance that might be contradicted by all the town and the whole ship's crew? Besides, there was one some years ago at Haarlem; and the supposed hand of another was for some time preserved in the cabinet belonging to the physic garden at Leyden."

"The *supposed hand*! that puts me in mind of a story I have read somewhere of a traveller

who when viewing the curiosities that were carefully preserved in the Church of St. Ambrose, at Milan, was shewn the brazen serpent erected by Moses in the desert. 'I thought,' said she, '*that* was beaten to powder by the Divine command.' The Priest looked surprised and displeased. 'Forgive me, father,' said she, 'perhaps this was made of that powder?' The father bowed assent."

NUMBER XXXV.



ON SUPERSTITION.

Alas! you know the truth too well;
 The salt was spilt—to me it fell.
 Then to contribute to my loss,
 My knife and fork were laid across;
 On Friday too!—the day I dread!
 Would I were safe at home in bed!
 Last night, (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
 Next post some fatal news shall tell!
 God send my Cornish friends be well.

THE desire of searching into futurity has, no doubt, given rise to a variety of superstitious follies, equally weak and extravagant.

“The Romans in particular,” says a celebrated Author of Heathen Theology, “found out almost innumerable ways of Divination; all nature had a voice, and the most senseless beings, and most trifling accidents, became presages of future events. This introduced ceremonies that were the most childish and ridiculous, and which yet were performed with an air of solemnity.”

“Birds, on account of their swiftness, were sometimes considered by the Egyptians as the

symbols of the winds ; and figures of particular species of fowl, were set up to denote the time when the near approach of a periodical wind was expected. From hence, before they undertook any thing of consequence, as sowing, planting, or putting out to sea, it was usual for them to say, *let us consult the birds*, meaning the signs fixed up to give them the necessary information they then stood in need of. By doing this, they knew how to regulate their conduct ; and it frequently happened, that when this precaution was omitted, they had reason to reproach themselves for their neglect. From hence mankind mistaking their meaning, and retaining the phrase *let us consult the birds* ; and, perhaps, hearing old stories repeated of the advantages such and such persons had received by consulting them in a critical moment, when the periodical wind would have ruined their affairs ; they began to conceive an opinion that the fowls which skim through the air were so many messengers sent by the gods to inform them of future events, and to warn them against any disastrous undertaking. From hence they took notice of their flight, and from their different manner of flying prognosticated good or bad omens. The birds were instantly grown wondrous wise ; and an owl, who hates the light, could not pass by the window of a sick person in the night, where he was offended by the light of a lamp or candle, but his hooting must be considered as prophesying that the life of the poor

man was nearly at an end. Observations were also taken from the manner in which *the sacred chickens* took their food; from the chattering or hooting of crows, pies, owls, &c. and from the running of beasts, as heifers, asses, rams, hares, wolves, &c. when these appeared in uncommon places, crossed the way, or run to the right or left. They also pretended to draw a good or bad omen from the most common and trifling actions of life, as sneezing, stumbling, starting, the numbness of the little finger, the tingling of the ear, the spilling of salt upon the table, &c."

Now it is very well known that cattle, as the storm approaches, will bellow and run to seek shelter under a tree or a hedge; and

" Prone to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk."

So that these things may certainly be considered as the effect of some great cause, and not the cause of any great effect.

We are informed that " Scipio, Augustus, and many others, have without any fatal consequences, despised the chickens and the other arts of divination; but when the Generals miscarried in any enterprise, the people laid the whole blame on the heedlessness with which they had been consulted; and if he had entirely neglected consulting them, all the blame was thrown upon him who had preferred his own forecast to that of the fowls;

while those who made these kind of predictions a subject of raillery, were accounted impious and profane. Thus they construed as a punishment from the gods, the defeat of Claudius Pulcher, who, when the sacred chickens refused to eat what was set before them, ordered them to be thrown into the sea. '*If they wont eat,*' said he, '*they shall drink.*' "

As ignorance is said to be the parent of superstition, it is astonishing that so wise a people as the Romans could ever be addicted to such monstrous absurdities ; and that they should even allow them to encroach upon their religious ceremonies. The Church of Rome in the first ages of Christianity, it is generally allowed, was purely Apostolic ; but in process of time strange superstitions, through the misunderstanding of former customs, perverted their judgment, and betrayed them into errors of a most serious nature.

"Hopes and fears, romantically indulged," says Johnson, "are apt to misguide. If you are pleased with prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition."

The veneration which the Romans entertained for Augury, led them into ceremonial devotions both unscriptural and contrary to common sense. When all the previous ceremonies were performed, the Augur, clothed in robe, offered up a prayer, the form of which may be seen in that offered to Jupiter at the election of Numa Pompilius. "O

Father Jupiter, if it be thy will that this Numa Pompilius, on whose head I have laid my hand, should be King of Rome, grant that there be clear and unerring signs within the bounds I have described."

The prayer being thus ended, the Priest turned to the right and left, and to whatever point the birds directed their flight, in order to determine from thence whether the god approved or rejected the choice.

From hence it appears that superstition and folly, by adopting what they did but imperfectly understand, turned symbols and allegories into realities, and did infinite injury to the cause of religion, by diffusing error rather than knowledge. The Romans, not satisfied with the Apostolic doctrines that were first taught them by St. Peter, when he converted them to Christianity; and bewildered with the superstitious practices to which they were addicted, at length became, contrary to the sage advice of the wisest of men, *righteous overmuch*, and through excess of religion, introduced ceremonies and imposed penalties in the Church of Christ, that were neither sanctioned by the Scriptures, nor consistent with the mild doctrines of Christianity.

Thus do trifling absurdities, sometimes, grow into enormities, and lead to the most ruinous consequences. All extremes are reprehensible;—but extremes in religion should be particularly guarded against—they are full of danger, and

lead to bigotry, enthusiasm, hypocrisy, enmity, strife, and wranglings; and, in short, to any thing but those charitable virtues, which ought to signalize the character of a Christian.

The same weakness of mind that indulges superstitious infatuations, produces also that enthusiastic frenzy and hypocritical cant so prevalent in modern times. If we live up to the Gospel, without endeavouring to go beyond it, and wait patiently the good or evil that is to befall us, without diving into futurity; God will surely be satisfied. Those religious pursuits which proceed from the heart and are sanctioned by the Scriptures, must be the most acceptable to the Almighty. A cheerful and rational participation in the blessings He has bestowed on us is also not only allowable, but well-pleasing unto our Heavenly Father who has provided all things for our use. Yet, "*one believeth that he may eat all things, another who is weak,*" saith St. Paul, "*eateth herbs; and let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him that eateth not judge him that eateth. For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ. As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.*"

"*Hast thou faith?*" saith the same Apostle in his Epistle to the Romans, "*happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth. And he that doubteth is damned*

if he eat, because he eateth not of faith, for whatsoever is not of faith is sin. We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Thus the meanest capacities may comprehend that a scruple becomes a matter of conscience, and should therefore be attended to most strictly. Wise men of all nations, see into the true sense and meaning of things; but the vulgar go no further than superstition carries them.

A well-informed Dean of St. Patrick's tells us of a French Gentleman, a member of the Romish Church, who, dining with some company on a fast-day, called for some eggs and bacon. The rest were very angry and reproved him for so heinous a sin: whereupon he wrote the following lines extempore; which prove him, at all events, to be a man of ability.

PEUT on eroire avec bons sens,
Qu'un lardon le mit encolere
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'est un secret pour lui plaire ?
En sa gloire enveloppé
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé ?

THUS INTERPRETED IN ENGLISH.

Who can believe, with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence,
Or how a herring hath a charm,
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapt up in Majesty Divine,
Does he regard on what we dine ?

And St. Paul himself has sanctioned the doctrine, by the following confession in his Epistle to the Romans:—

“I know, and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself; but to him that esteemeth any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean.”

And again, to the Corinthians he expressly says, *“Whatsoever is sold in the shambles, that eat, asking no question for conscience’ sake: for the earth is the Lord’s, and the fulness thereof. If any of them that believe not, bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go, whatsoever is set before you, eat; asking no question for conscience’ sake.”*

So far, then, are those who have no scruples on the subject, authorized by St. Paul to partake of whatsoever is set before them, without risking God’s anger. Should they consider the fastings of their brethren as mere superstition, let them reflect ’tis a superstition that injures no one; and that liberty of conscience is allowed equally to the one and to the other.

It is even related of a certain Pope, that he was so delighted with Montesquieu, that, in order to give him the highest mark of satisfaction, he dispensed him from fasting in Lent, and permitted him to eat meat all the year round. A proof that his Holiness did not conceive it to be a point of very great importance. Accordingly a brief was prepared in Apostolic Chancery to this effect, and

Montesquieu was called upon to pay a considerable sum for the fees. But he had too much respect for his Holiness to think that necessary, and therefore declined it, saying, "His Holiness's word is quite sufficient for me; and my asserting that he has given it, will perfectly satisfy the Curé of my parish, so that I have no occasion for any parchment documents."

The effects, however, of giving way to absurd infatuations; and seducing spirits, are dangerous and sometimes fatal, not only to individuals, but to whole kingdoms; for instance—

In the time of Cadwalladar, King of the West Britons, there was so great a famine, which continued eleven years, that the land became in a manner desolate: insomuch that the King and many of the Lords were driven to forsake their native country; and Cadwalladar himself went to his Cousin Alan, King of Little Britain in France. During which time, the Saxons, taking advantage of his absence, came over in swarms, and dispossessed the forlorn Britons of what they had, and shared it among themselves. Whereupon Cadwalladar, obtaining assistance of his Cousin Alan, was coming over to restrain their insolencies; when, making prayers to God for success, he imagined he heard a voice that forbade him the enterprise; declaring that it was not God's will that the Britons should rule this land any longer; and therefore, bade him depart to Rome and receive of Pope Sergius the habit of religion; wherein

he should die and rest in peace. Accordingly he obeyed the voice, was shorn a Monk, and abandoned Britain to its unhappy fate; which soon after became a colony of Saxons, who, in process of time, divided the Island into seven kingdoms, and formed the Saxon Heptarchy. Such was the effect of Cadwalladar's superstition.

Christianity, which had hitherto been exercised in all its native purity, was severely checked by these invaders; who were making rapid strides to enslave the country in its ancient Paganism. And thus was the happiness of a people destroyed, and the welfare of their soul and body involved, through the weakness of one infatuated devotee.

How different was the religion of our illustrious Monarch George III. He was a Christian in every sense of the word; feeling the most awful reverence for the holy ceremonies of the Church and Divine Institutions. It was never, perhaps; more strongly manifested than during the preparations for the installation that took place in 1805.

"A Nobleman, high in favor," it is reported, "having asked in an apparently negligent manner, whether the new Knights would not be obliged to take the Sacrament previous to the installation? The King instantly marked his feelings by a change of countenance; and, with some severity, said—No! That a religious institution is not to be mixed with our profane ceremonies. Even at the time of my coronation I was very

unwilling to take the Sacrament ; but, when I was assured it was indispensable, and that I must receive it ; before I even approached the Communion Table, I took off the bauble from my head. The Sacrament, my Lord, is not to be profaned by our Gothic institutions !”

And His Majesty’s reply to the first Lord of the Treasury, when pressed to consent to bringing in the proposed Bill respecting the Roman Catholic Question, in the year 1807, is sufficient to testify how religiously he felt the obligation of an oath.

“ My Lord,” said he, “ I am one of those who respect an oath. I have firmness sufficient to quit my throne and retire to a cottage, or place my neck on a block or a scaffold, if my people require it ; but I have not resolution to break that oath which I took in the most solemn manner at my coronation.”

NUMBER XXXVI.



ON ENTHUSIASM.

Let not this weak unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw;
Or deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

THE precision and perspicuity with which the important and necessary articles of Christian faith are drawn up in the Apostles' Creed, render them sufficiently comprehensive to meet the capacity of all classes of Christian disciples. Yet what numbers, who do not fix their attention on these, plunge themselves into a wide expanse of intricacies, and become bewildered in their wanderings; so that they can neither withdraw themselves, nor proceed, without being lost in the endless maze of romantic windings.

The duties of religion, too, are so clearly pointed out in the Gospel, that no one need perplex himself, or go further than that, either for the regulation of his conduct, or the formation of his religious opinions. But the weakness of human nature is such, that a due medium is rarely attended to. One goes beyond the obligations required of him;

another, with indifference, most shamefully neglects them. A punctual performance of our private devotions—a regular attendance on public worship—and a strict attention to holy institutions—are duties not only consistent with our professions, but absolutely required of us. Notwithstanding, *these*, according to the Gospel, should give way to the exercise of charitable and active duties of life. But, alas! how grievously mistaken are some of the frenzied enthusiasts of the present day; who, in their zeal for religion, totally neglect the relative duties, and traverse the country to expound the Scriptures and convert sinners; to the utter ruin of their own families—to the annoyance of the community—and to the great injury of true religion. How is it possible that men bred to common pursuits, and accustomed only to the ordinary occupations of life; without study, and sometimes, without common sense, should be able to explain to others what they do not understand themselves? “Because,” say they, “like the Apostles of old, we are inspired. Were they not all poor illiterate men? some fishermen, one a tent maker, another a tax-gatherer?” Hold! says the Biographer, nor suppose for a moment, they were illiterate on that account. For it was the wise custom of the Jews, however respectable and affluent in circumstances, to bring up their children to some trade; that in case of need, they might be able to maintain themselves by the profession or trade in which they were instructed.

St. Paul, therefore, being taught the art of tent making, was no reproach to him, nor impediment to his sublimer studies. Those who are versed in the history of the Apostles, are well aware that St. Paul studied under Gamaliel, an eminent Doctor of the Law ; under whose tuition he made such progress, that he far excelled the rest of his fellow students, as we read in Galatians : whence it appears that he was a person of more than ordinary parts and diligence. Neither was St. Matthew an illiterate or needy man. A publican or gatherer of the taxes and tributes, was an office, in those days, of credit and reputation, usually conferred upon Roman Knights. Fl. Sabinus, the Emperor Vaspasian's father, was publican of the Asian Provinces. But the Roman tax-gatherers generally farmed out the business to some of the natives, who best understood the affairs of their own country. St. Matthew, we are informed, was one of these farmers or collectors of the customs ; who had very powerful engagements to the world, was in plentiful circumstances, and was in a fair way of increasing his wealth, when he was called by Christ to the Apostleship. Notwithstanding, he left every thing, and gave up all his fair prospects, without hesitation. And though it may appear singular that he should immediately relinquish all, and follow a stranger ; still his understanding is not to be called in question. " For," says his Biographer, " it was hardly probable that soft-headed persons would be put into an employ-

ment of so much difficulty and concern to the public, as his was." St. James the Less, too, with his brother Jude, cannot with any degree of propriety be classed among the ignorant, or lower order ; being the sons of Alpheus, a learned man and superintendent of the Church of Jerusalem. And St. Barnabas, though not numbered among the twelve, was considered by St. Luke and the primitive Church as an Apostle. He studied with St. Paul under Gamaliel, and sold his estate for the relief of the poor ; both which circumstances are sufficient to testify that he was a man of property and learning. As to the poor fishermen, who were named by our Lord as His Apostles, if we take into consideration the ancient custom of the Jews, with respect to the education of their children, may it not be as reasonable to suppose, that even some among them were men of learning as that they were all illiterate ? It seems hardly fair, at this distance of time, to put them on a footing with that order of society which follows the occupation of fishing in the present day. And the writings they have left behind them appear to contradict the charge. Yet, the notion that they were all poor illiterate beings, is so prevalent, that any individual of mere moderate capacity indulging a different opinion, would, in all probability, be ridiculed and scoffed at, should he venture to assert that the Apostles could lay any claim to learning or affluence, without referring to chapter and verse in support of so bold an assertion.

And after all, of what avail to grope out from obscurity, or to throw any bright gleams on these worthies? They fulfilled their ministry; whether they were rich or poor, learned or unlearned. Why should we perplex ourselves, then, on points which early historians have neglected to record, because they were unessential for us to know? For no better reason, perhaps, than to put to flight those chimerical notions of the itinerant preachers of the present day, who never fail to impress on the minds of their auditors, that the Apostles were all men of low extraction like themselves; and who, *like them*, were inspired to preach the Gospel to all the world.

The multitude, incapable of discriminating, never take into consideration that the Apostles were contemporary with our Saviour, and were instructed by Him; so the contagion quickly spreads among them, and zealots more wild spring up daily, to rend the air with their profane vociferations and make a mockery of religion.

To pass over Mr. Alexander Fletcher, of notorious memory, Mr. Smith, who was accepted by the L—nd—n M—ss—n—ry Society as a person well qualified to spread the good tidings of the Gospel far and near; and who, by the way, John Bull declares, never took any orders but those he received for bread, when he was a journeyman baker; and a few other *Rev. Gentlemen* of equal parts and distinction: let us just take a glance at one or two of less importance.

A shoe-maker, for example, who was charged the other day, at Union Hall, with neglecting to provide for his family. Upon the Magistrate asking him, why he neglected to maintain his children? "I have, sir," said he, "a much greater work to perform—I am instructed by God to be a Minister, and to teach men the way of salvation, through Johanna Southcote, to whom the Divine Revelation was given!" Ought such a man to be let loose upon the public? A blasphemer, for whom no excuse can be made, but madness. And, consequently, an object fit only to grace the pillory, or to be confined within the walls of Bethlehem.

Another of these maniacs, by trade a blacksmith, relates to the rabble enthusiastically assembled round him, when mounted in his mock pulpit—an old wooden chair; that in a fit of despair he walked forth, one day, into the thickest part of a wood in the neighbourhood, with the intention of putting an end to his miserable existence. But, just as he was about to make the fatal noose, he heard a rustling among the trees, and upon casting his eyes around, who should he see approaching but the very Devil himself; who, accosting him with all the familiarity of an old friend, offered to assist him in fixing the cord in order to hasten his exit, and then to fly off with him to his own *dominions*. But, "No, Mr. Devil," said he, for fear brought him instantly to his recollection, and to a sense of all the horrors that awaited him, "from this moment I renounce you

and all your works. The fiend, however, was not to be so easily repulsed; he claimed me as his lawful subject, and renewed the tender of his services, officiously taking up the cord and whispering in my ear, as he presented the instrument of death, 'Come don't be down-hearted, man; it will soon be over; one kick and you'll be there in a twinkling.' But all wouldn't do," ejaculated this inspired preacher, with a deep groan, "I heard a voice inviting me to enter the holy tabernacle and *preach the Gospel* to poor sinners. I was determined to obey the call, so I wrestled with the Devil in the wood, and felled him to the ground; the Spirit strengthening me as I fought, with the power of a Sampson. Thus inspired, I come, my brethren, to expound the Scriptures," continued he, "and to shew you the way of salvation; and if you do not support me with a liberal contribution in my earnest endeavours to save your souls, you will all be d—n—d; yea, ye will be branded with infamy, and cast into perdition for ever and ever." A—men sang out the clerk. A—men fervently echoed the converted sinners. Sighs and groans resounded through the multitude; sweet music to the preacher's ear—indicative of the impression his discourse had made on his *believing* auditors.

A general buzz preceded the harmonious jingling of shillings and sixpences, and made his heart leap with satisfaction. A plate was handed about to receive the offerings of the affrighted,

and the donations of the ignorant rabble. A long prayer was offered up, that they might become true believers in all he taught them; and that they might increase in *benevolence*, *charity*, and *hospitality* to the shepherd who watched over them; and they were dismissed:—the following Thursday being announced for their meeting again. In the meantime he lives upon their credulity; breakfasting with one, dining with another, and supping with a third.

The next upon record is a dexterous itinerant, who, tired of wandering about the country on foot, impressed upon the mind of his auditors how necessary it was for him to have a horse to go about from place to place, to diffuse the Holy Spirit with which he was inspired, into the minds of unbelievers; accordingly a horse was provided for him—but he was no sooner safely seated on his back, than he found the exercise of trotting over hills and hard roads too fatiguing; and, in consequence, urged them to furnish him with a chaise. In a short time he became tired altogether of a wandering life, and thought if he had a comfortable house, with appertinents thereunto belonging, he should be able, by the placid enjoyment thereof, the more effectually to admonish his brethren to administer to the wants of others, and to be content in that state of life in which Providence had placed them. Thus did he preach himself into a comfortable living. A house was actually furnished for him, and he rides about to publish

to the world the glad tidings of *peace and plenty*, rather than to instil principles either of religion or morality.

“O what harm can such men do?” asks one. “They’ll naturally sink away into their former nothingness,” says another. “As to their preaching, it is all nonsense.” Complete nonsense, we must allow; but how far these notions may be correct, in other respects, time only can ascertain. In the meanwhile, they are increasing rapidly, encroaching frightfully on the sound doctrines of the Church, bringing religion into ridicule, deluding the ignorant, and imposing on the credulous and unwary.

One of these raving fanatics, a baker six days of the week and a preacher on the seventh, having collected a great crowd about him in a country town, not a hundred miles from Brighton, was holding forth with all the vehemence of a madman, elevated as usual upon an old chair at the corner of a street; when suddenly, to the great horror and amazement of the multitude, up started a monster of the most horrific size and shape, with horns and hoofs and tail of wondrous length; and seizing upon his prey, darted off with him in an instant, in the midst of his edifying harangue, the shrieks of the women and children, the roarings of dauntless heroes, and the consternation of the whole motley crew. Some declaring the Devil had flown off with him, for his profane encroachments on the sabbath. They “heard the rattling

of his chains as he advanced, saw the flames playing around him as he was carried off, and smelt the sulphureous odour with which the air was impregnated.”

Now this might pass with many for a mighty clever joke; and such it was intended to be by the person who practised it—a man from a neighbouring slaughter-house, who had enveloped himself in the hide of a bullock to personify the Devil, and frighten the preacher from breaking in upon the duties of the Church for the future. But these kind of practical jokes are always reprehensible. This, to the ignorant and superstitious, might have been fatal in its consequences. And, religion, at all events, should not be made the theme of low ribaldry or sport. But these itinerant preachers certainly bring it into disrepute among the lower class, and subject it, by their vociferous and idiot rantings, to ridicule and ludicrous jestings, ill suited to the seeming piety of the times! Religion, in whatever form it may appear, should be respected. It is a subject too serious to be trifled with; and if exposed to railery by folly and ignorance, those who disapprove should check with mildness, and endeavour, by example, to convince their neighbours they are better Christians.

NUMBER XXXVII.



ON THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
 Or swells the object to the sight.
 Attend my visionary page,
 And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
 Come, let the ghastly form appear,
 He's not so terrible when near,

“THE force of imagination, especially when strengthened by fear, or a mournful depression of the spirits, we very well know, creates a thousand extravagant fancies in the mind, not only of individuals both learned and unlearned, but of whole multitudes; who, with different understandings, seem to see with the same eyes, and to hear with the same ears. A shadow is transformed into a spirit of darkness; a dwarf is magnified to a giant, and every thing in proportion, is increased and multiplied till it becomes hideous and appalling;” said Magdalina, as she skimmed over the foregoing relations of preachers and devils. Praters, if you please, Mr. Printer, pray attend to the M.S. I suppose it is now too late to correct that blunder, so it must e'en remain as it is.

“Speaking of Devils,” continued Magdalena, “reminds me of a servant I despatched, one evening, with a note to a friend; whose dwelling, to be sure, was situated rather awkwardly for nocturnal messengers. The girl was sent, however, and had to traverse the church-yard in her way; the awful gloom of which, though a beautiful moonlight night, had operated on her nervous system, and had prepared her to eye every thing around her with fear and trembling, and to transform and magnify all she beheld, into ghosts and hobgoblins. As she approached my friend’s habitation, she thought she perceived a man standing at the door; but no way dismayed at such a sight, for it was not of man she was afraid, she journeyed onward; and as she came near and more near, a hideous form with goggle eyes, and horns, and ears, and tail, too, of prodigious size, arose to her view, and grew in her imagination till it out topped the steeple that partially shadowed it from the bright rays of a full moon. Starting back, with electrical swiftness, she flew across the silent repository of the dead, and reached home almost breathless with terror. ‘Lord have mercy upon me, ma’am, I’ve seen the Devil,’ said the poor girl as she entered the house, and threw herself on the first chair she could find, her legs scarcely able to support her along the passage.”

“What can you mean, Mary?” asked I, with precipitation. “Mean ma’am,” replied the almost expiring Mary, “that I saw the Devil; he was

standing bolt upright at Mrs. F-----'s door; his eyes all on fire—smoke flaming from his nostrils, though such a frosty night, and roaring with all his might!—O dear me, what a *presperation* he's put me into.' I would fain have persuaded her that she was mistaken, or that it was a joke of some of her companions merely to try her courage; but the girl would not be persuaded. 'It is no mistake—nor it is no joke,' said she, 'of that I am *sure*, for I'm frightened to death.'

With much ado, however, and in spite of her assertion, we at length prevailed on the girl to accompany her master, and point out to him this huge monster, who, she declared, had been the death of her. As they approached the spot, imagination, as inventive as ever, portrayed the giant form, with all the Satanic appearances as before described, in the very same position, *standing bolt upright*, in the portico they were about to enter. But Mary had not the power to budge another step when she came, even thus guarded, within sight of the fiend.

'There, sir, there he is—don't you see him?' cried the poor terrified girl—pointing with the fore finger of her right hand to the identical spot, while her left foot was extended at its full stretch the contrary way, ready to start in a moment;—

'there he stands, sir, all in black—take care, sir, he's beginning to growl again—and look at its monstrous tail, sir!' Its a strange looking figure, sure enough, thought Master; however, I

must see what he's after, and accordingly, Master stepped forward to make the discovery. When lo! and behold, this monster of terror, that was sure enough *standing bolt upright on his two hind legs*, fell immediately down upon all fours, to welcome the friend of the house; and proved to be nothing more than the large black Newfoundland dog, that had been trying to make his way into the house by putting up the latch of the door of the portico with his paw, a thing he was accustomed to do. But the door having been bolted in the inside, he could not accomplish his entrée, and therefore growled and howled most piteously to gain the admittance he so much desired.

“Poor Mary, the moment she saw the animal fawn upon her master, flew off full speed, rending the air with her shrieks of terror; and declaring most positively, that she saw the Devil run away with her master all in a blaze.” It requires no great penetration to see, that the fears of this simple girl realized on her mind all her fancies.

But what can be said, when men of good sense and education grant similar licenses to their inventive faculties? “I knew a Gentleman,” continued Magdalena, “for a church yard must naturally raise a ghost—besides ’twould be a folly to introduce a solitary hobgoblin to stalk about in melancholy mood by himself—he should, at least, have half a dozen in his train. So I must give you an account of my learned friend:—

“He had had the misfortune to lose an affec-

tionate and beloved parent ; and, though a man of rather a superior cast of mind, was apt to indulge in romantic reveries, or what the world, perhaps, would call superstitious contemplations. He had devoutly prayed, that if earthly mortals were ever permitted to revisit this nether world, he might once again be indulged with a sight of the dear and revered author of his being. In the gloomy stillness of midnight he wandered to her grave, implored afresh the wished-for indulgence, and looked wistfully around ; though, perhaps, with fearful expectation. For let the bravest among the brave say what they will, there is an awful terror connected with this subject, that might unnerve the most courageous were they put to the test. My friend neither denied nor admitted the common opinion that departed spirits, sometimes, wander in this world ; his prayer, however, was not granted, and he returned home night after night without being convinced. He was a great pedestrian, and chose rather to follow the bent of his inclination, than to mount a steed, or be whirled over the surface of the earth from one place to another, without the liberty of contemplating a single object as he passed. In a melancholy mood, he set off one day, on one of these solitary rambles, to give full vent to his mournful sensations, and to contemplate, in lonely quiet, the heaviest of earthly afflictions ;—the death of a dear and affectionate friend. It is in these lonely wanderings that the mind can feast itself on

melancholy enjoyment. As he strolled leisurely, in deep meditation, across a dreary and extensive common, uninterrupted by the awful stillness that reigned for miles around, the fine blue azure of the sky began to darken—the bright orb of day was occasionally dimmed by the driving clouds—the lightning flashed—the thunder rolled over his head—in a few minutes the whole canopy of heaven was obscured—the rain fell in torrents, and our heavy-hearted traveller was obliged to seek shelter, not in a neighbouring cottage as will be expected, but under the thick umbrageous branches of stately oaks, that lay at some distance, by the way side. For neither house, nor cottage, nor village spire, nor any sign of life could he discern. All nature seemed enwrapped in gloom—he never felt so dismal—the very heavens appeared to sympathize—and wept. On entering the wood he was not displeased to find a beaten track, by following which, it was but reasonable to suppose he would, sooner or later, reach some friendly habitation. But, neither sound resounding from the steeple, nor distant bark of dog, nor shrill crowing of the cock, nor any individual sign betokened village, house, or hamlet near. He had not penetrated far into the wood, however, before he observed on the road side, in the hollow of a tree, a bench—evidently placed there by some considerate being, for the convenience of the way-worn traveller. Fatigued in mind and body, for his spirits were at the very lowest ebb, my

friend was glad to rest him awhile in this romantic solitude. He seated himself, and drawing a biscuit from his pocket and his little travelling can, which contained some drops of brandy and water, his usual refreshments on these pilgrimages, he began his frugal meal ; still indulging that same pensive mood that prompted him to traverse these lonely walks. In this retreat, however, he was soon awakened from his reverie by the appearance of something that had life, though not the sound even of a rook was heard. Attracted by the few crumbs that fell about, a bird in sable hue, as though in compliment to his sorrows, fearlessly approached, and joined him in his meal. A glow of satisfaction seemed to thrill through his veins, as the bird familiarly hopped about him. He was still sad, but less disconsolate. A thousand romantic notions flashed upon his mind ; he honestly confessed his weakness, and declared they cheered him at the time. The revered object of his meditation had, in her life time, frequently descanted on the humanity likely to be produced from the adoption of the Pythagorian system ; not half the cruelty that we see daily practised, would be inflicted on animals ; and, ‘ I hope on my decease,’ she would jokingly add, ‘ you will cease, my dear boy, from persecuting the feathered tribe ; for I should like of all things, when my spirit takes its flight from hence, to join the winged inhabitants of the airy regions.’

“ How true it is, that the most trifling things

relating to the dead, recur to the memory, and call forth the sympathy of the living. Pythagoras was a wise man, thought my friend; but were I to think with him, I should be pronounced a fool, a madman, or any thing but wise. *Humanity* is, nevertheless, commendable, 'take all I have sweet bird,' said he, 'and did I not verily believe thou art more happy in the range of this wood, than cooped up in solitary confinement with man, I would take thee home; and cherish thee with the tenderness that is due to all God's creatures.' The evening was rapidly advancing—my friend was eager to be gone—and yet, with his eyes rivetted on his mute companion, who was still picking up the crumbs at his feet, he seemed fixed to the spot. Nor could he have mustered resolution to depart, he has since declared to me, had not the object of his retention; as it were in pity to his weakness, winged its flight, and left him once more to his lonely wanderings.

In pensive mood, sheltered from the unpitying storm by an almost impenetrable bower of thick and lofty foliage, he journeyed on, musing on the strange doctrines of ancient sages, and the more refined opinions of modern unpires.

“ ‘There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed,’ says the learned Dr. Johnson. ‘This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only

by its truth. Those who never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers, can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears.'

"In dark and sequestered retreats, imagination feasts upon its own inventions. The gloom in which my friend was enveloped, could scarcely have been expelled by the bright radiance of a glittering sun. It became more dense by the total eclipse of that luminary, and it was only by occasional peeps, caught through the lofty avenue, that he could get a glimpse of the departing twilight.

"The nature of his reflections, the sadness of his heart, and the awful stillness, save when the rustling leaves, or sound of his own footsteps broke upon the ear, with the apprehension of being benighted ere he could reach a human habitation; wherein to rest his wearied limbs; all contributed to give vigour to his visionary flights. Night was rapidly advancing, and he in this doleful mood was thoughtfully pacing the tedious track; when the pale glimmering of the moon cast a ray of light through an opening across his path; and presented to his view a living form. He startled—but he knew not why;—for the thought of any human creature being near at hand was welcome to his heart. He looked again towards the spot,

and thought he perceived a figure in white moving at a distance. He paused for a moment, and steadily gazed upon the object—it was no superstitious wandering of the fancy—he distinctly perceived a living creature—it moved to and fro, and seemed now to be advancing towards him. If it did not create fear, it produced something very like it. He has since honestly confessed that his heart beat rather quicker than usual—his nerves were all in agitation, and a sensation of awe seemed to deprive him of the power of moving.

“After the first moments of surprise, however, he rallied his spirits, and would fain have persuaded himself that it was, in all probability, a labourer returning home from his work ; and was about to proceed, when again the fleeting object caught his sight. Again he started, paused, and looked steadfastly. ‘It is !—it must be !’ said he with pious exultation, ‘the spirit of my revered parent—the meeting I’ve so long implored in vain is now at hand—heaven grant me but strength to avail myself of the indulgence ;’ and, springing forward as he spoke, he soon reached the identical spot that was to terminate all his hopes and fears. Alas ! they were quickly dispersed, but not to his satisfaction. On coming up to the little gate, that was placed at the end of the walk to keep out the cattle, he beheld nothing more than an old grey horse, that was quietly grazing on the adjacent common ; and which, in all probability, had been

endeavouring to make his way into the wood, for the same purpose that induced my friend to enter it."

On any other occasion, this gentleman would, likely enough, have joined in the laugh against himself; but, in the present case, he feels a holy reverence for his weakness, and claims the privilege that he gives to others of enjoying their own opinions, without deducing false arguments for their guide. They may also laugh at his folly should it amuse them, while they take a lesson from his romantic but unoffending credulity.

The powers of the imagination over the sober senses, are most ingeniously depicted by an author of some celebrity, in the following account given of some shipwrecked travellers. It is quoted for the amusement of those who may not yet have met with it in their literary rambles.

"The voyagers were cast away," says the relater of the incident, "upon the Island of Malta, and were led by the inhabitants to a cave, who, after spreading beds of dry leaves, and heaping fresh billets of wood on the fire, withdrew. Judge of their horror. The lighted wood blazed brightly, and illumined the whole cave, which disclosed the most terrific objects. Isabel screamed aloud — 'We shall be stung! — we shall be devoured by these ugly monsters!' The attendants took the alarm, and echoed her exclamations. Jacquolina gazed around with no less terror. 'Let us leave this place,' said she calmly, 'danger surrounds

us. Let us be gone before these creatures are sufficiently revived by the heat to be able to hurt us.' Adders, vipers, toads, and every venomous reptile were distinctly visible all about the cavern, as the blaze shone upon their sparkling eyes and burnished scales. 'How could these people be so cruel as to leave us here?' cried each of the party as they sought in vain for the entrance of the cave. 'The fire is our best safeguard against these animals,' said Jacquelina, 'let us keep close to it, as the best means, under Providence, of preservation.' As the blaze wavered from the wood fire, she observed with astonishment the pacific disposition of these formidable companions. No hiss—no sound whatever betrayed a hostile tendency—each retained its situation unmoved;—the serpent continued coiled up; and the adder, whose forked tongue darted from its wide-extended jaws in the act to strike, yet made no advance. As we familiarizes the most horrible objects, Jacquelina collected courage to examine this singular phenomenon. She feared that the whole was created by a *disturbed imagination*, by their late sufferings. She took a lighted brand from the fire and was advancing to ascertain the truth, when Isabel, grasping her violently, entreated that she would not venture to excite the wrath of these ferocious animals. 'Santa Maria!' exclaimed Louisa at the same time, 'one of them has just glided by my side.' Isabel clasped Jacquelina in agony. 'But you are not stung Louisa?'

demanded Jacquelina: 'I believe not—I don't know—my Lady. Holy Mother preserve us,'—and she fell on her knees. 'Rouse up the fire,' said Jacquelina, 'that I may have sufficient light, for I am determined to know if this be reality.' The trembling Louisa obeyed; and Isabel determined, since Jacquelina was resolved to be convinced, to share the danger she could not prevent her from encountering. They proceeded to the investigation. What was their joy and surprise to find it all a petrification. Jacquelina immediately recollected that this must be St. Paul's cave, of whose wonders she had heard. Returning their thanks to God, they resumed their humble bed, and tasted the sweets of uninterrupted repose.

"Next morning, when their hospitable hosts returned, bearing a repast of rich fruits and honey, they explained that this was the cave of St. Paul; that it was their custom to bring all whom the tempest should throw on their coasts to this hallowed retreat, in the firm belief of its recovering them from the ill effects of shipwreck. They pointed triumphantly to the venomous reptile which had fastened on the Apostle's hand. This, with many other noxious creatures, transfixed by his powerful word, which decreed that none should ever after exist on the Island, remains a standing proof of Divine power."

We are informed by the historian also, that there is a ridiculous legendary tale in the re-

gister of the Abbey of Ely, now in the Bodlean library; relative to the powerful imagination of a certain Monk, respecting W. De Warren ; who was honoured by William Rufus with the Earldom of Surrey, and had violently detained in his possession certain lands belonging to the Monks of St. Etheldred in that city.

“ The Abbot, as the story goes, was one night interrupted in his devotions by the rattling of the *Devil's carriage*, and heard the poor Earl of Surrey in this infernal vehicle most piteously imploring for mercy, but in vain ! He had defrauded the brotherhood of Ely. The sin was too enormous to be forgiven. Next morning the Abbot related to the Monks what he had heard the preceding night. About four days after, there arrived a messenger from the Lady Gundred, his widow, with one hundred shillings, an immense sum in those days, to obtain the prayers of the Abbey for the repose of the Earl's soul. Upon inquiry it was found he had died exactly at the hour in which the good Abbot heard him posting so reluctantly to the lower regions. It was not to be supposed that pious community would receive the mortuary of a sinner thus *clearly* doomed to endless torture. The messenger consequently returned with the money, and a most dismal account of his deceased master.

“ Unfortunately for the credit of Monkery, a material error is evident,” says the historian, “ in this relation. So that both heretics, and modern

sceptics, enthusiasts, and superstitious devotees. must doubt the truth of it; for the Lady Gundred, who is said to have sent the mass money to Ely, had been dead for three years. She having departed this life, in child-bed, on the 24th of May, 1085; and the Earl on the 23d of June, 1088."

NUMBER XXXVIII.



ON DEATH.

Is Death a pow'rful Monarch? True—
 Perhaps you dread the tyrant, too?
 Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
 Or swells the object to the sight.
 Attend my visionary page,
 And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
 Come, let the ghastly form appear,
 He's not so terrible when near.
 Distance deludes th' unwary eye,
 So clouds seem monsters in the sky;
 Hold frequent converse with him now,
 He'll daily wear a milder brow.

DEATH is a solemn subject;—it is a sentence passed on mankind, which cannot be repealed. A change we must all undergo, on quitting this transitory life to enter on eternity. “*Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.*” Those who will be found alive at the second coming of Christ, when He shall come in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, *will not die*, but they will undergo as great a change as death is to us. “*Those that sleep*

in the grave shall awake, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and they that are alive shall be changed, and caught to meet the Lord in the air. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

~ Hence we learn that, when Almighty God thinks fit to gather to Himself man's spirit, the disunion of soul and body must take place. Our removal from this transitory life to a state of eternity, cannot be effected without such a change; and yet, of all the evils that oppress mankind, there is not one we seem to dread so much as death. Whether considered as the total dissolution of the body, when the senses are all destroyed, and the faculties of the mind cease to perform their accustomed duties;—whether we apprehend the pain and agony that may attend our dying moments, when the parting stroke is given which separates soul and body;—or whether we behold ourselves on the brink of eternity, and on the very verge of passing into the immediate presence of Divine Majesty, it is awful and appalling. Still, it is not so terrible, perhaps, as man imagines; there is an all-sufficient antidote against the fears, so natural to humanity, of death and dying. Did we reflect properly on these important subjects, our minds would, in all probability, be delivered from a variety of distressing apprehensions. *"The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the*

breath of life, and man became a living soul;” the body was animated, as the soul was infused into it. When all God’s purposes, for which He brought us into being, are accomplished in us, he removes us out of this world by death. The breath He breathed into our nostrils departs out of our body—the pulse ceases to beat—the circulation of the blood stops—the intellectual faculties perish, and the body returns to the elements out of which it was formed.

We look on sickness, disease, and old age, as prognostics of death. But, distinct from these, *“There is a time to die;”*—God appoints the hour, and we must obey the call. It is sometimes preceded by a fit of sickness—sometimes comes suddenly upon us—and, sometimes by slow degrees advances. Come when it will, if we learn to familiarize our thoughts with it, by the consolations which revealed religion offers, we shall meet it with Christian fortitude, and resign our breath to Him who gave it, without dismay.

Many have died without a sigh or groan; may we not do the same? Death is produced by certain physical causes, and may not be so terrible when near at hand, as when viewed at a distance. Of this we have many proofs. Then why should we perplex ourselves, or anticipate those sufferings which we may never be doomed to experience?

The Scriptures speak of death as a sleep: may we not reasonably suppose then, that all fears concerning it are groundless? It is evident that the

the act of dying, it is instantaneous—the soul departs from the body, and, according to the Scriptures, we fall asleep. It is recorded in the New Testament concerning the death of Stephen, that he was stoned—“*calling upon, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my soul—and he fell asleep.*”

And when our Lord went to Bethany to raise Lazarus from the grave, He said unto His disciples, “*Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of sleep. Then said His disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit, Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that He had spoken of TAKING OF REST IN SLEEP. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead.*”

And St. Paul, when proving the certainty of Christ's resurrection, says, “*He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve. After that He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are FALLEN ASLEEP.*”

Why then should the fear of death or dying take such strong hold of us? It is surely because we do not sufficiently exercise our minds concerning the things that are upon record in the Holy Scriptures for our consolation. A proper attention to them would, no doubt, be all-sufficient to sustain us against further dread of resigning our breath to Him who gave it. And the calmness with which some depart out of this life, is a con-

firmation of the ease with which the soul and body separate. How frequently does it happen, that the dying person is speaking one moment, and unexpectedly to those who are present, falls asleep the next—to awake only, “in another and a better world?”

Death, then, is not so terrible in itself, as to behold. To the survivors it is certainly one of the heaviest afflictions of this life. Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, there is surely none equal to that of losing those we love. Indeed it is almost too grievous to be borne. It rends the heart, and renders it insensible to remonstrance, and incapable of receiving consolation. It is a natural and a sacred grief; it should not be disturbed by casual obtruders; none but the privileged should presume to interrupt the sad mournings of affection. While the whole soul is absorbed in its sorrows, a reasonable indulgence should be allowed the mourner. Time alone can effect that calm submission, which friends, in the goodness of their heart, imperatively impose as a religious obligation on a surviving relative. It certainly requires all the energies of the mind—all the powers of reason and religion—to combat against an affliction that deprives us of every hope, and is calculated to damp every enjoyment of this life. But, neither reason nor religion require that the sensibilities of the heart are to be closed against the natural impressions they must make upon a susceptible mind.

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NUMBER XXXIX.



ON VULGAR ERRORS.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore,
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.

“ERROR,” it has been very justly observed, “is never so fatal in its effect as when inculcated by men of celebrity. Their authority gives it that external appearance of truth,” says the same author, “without which, in some degree, it never becomes prevalent.” When the public mind is thus influenced by assertions not altogether correct, it behoves the man of study and research, when he has discovered mistakes, to make known, for the benefit of society, the inaccuracy of such statements.

To refute errors, to do away prejudices, or to oppose a generally received opinion, is a bold undertaking. It requires confidence, as well as energy and diligence, in the individual who aspires to such a task ; more particularly where public errors are sanctioned by the authority of a great name, or tolerated by custom. *Many*, who have the opportunity of diving into truths, are too

timid, perhaps, to meet a sneer or an overbearing rebuff, by advancing an opinion contrary to that which has been generally adopted; or, they may be too indifferent to national benefits to give themselves the least trouble to improve the public mind. Thus, error and prejudice make daily encroachments on a nation's judgment, and lead multitudes astray; the majority of mankind not having the opportunity of convincing themselves by referring to chapter and verse. And many, even admitting they had, have not the industry to trace out truths, and draw conclusions from clear and impartial accounts; but take all upon common report, and give into custom without a reflection, be the blunder never so palpable.

It may be asked—who's to decide when doctors disagree? or how it is to be known which are clear and impartial accounts?

To these inquiries it may be answered, *by proving them*, as we do all other accounts; which may easily be done by men of experience and research, though a Goldsmith or a Lyttleton be compromised in the attempt. When it is considered in what manner the former wrote his historical epistles, it may not, perhaps, seem strange that inadvertencies should appear among his literary performances; and yet this historian is generally put into the hands of young people. It is said of this great genius, that after dedicating the early part of the day in reading Gibbon's Histories, he usually rode out for a couple of hours

to digest the subject of his morning study ; returned home, and put to writing the result of his meditations !

Hume, too, who was highly complimented, it is said, on the *correctness* of his style, particularly in his History of England ; yet, he made a most egregious blunder in asserting, that, “ if ever the National Debt came up to one hundred millions, this country would be ruined.” Being asked by a friend, “ how he could make such a mistake, seeing that the debt was then far above that sum, and likely to be much more ? ” “ *Owing to a mistake, sir,*” said he, “ *common to writers by profession, who are often obliged to adopt statements on the authority of other people !* ”

It was the wise maxim of Pythagoras, however, to impress upon the minds of his scholars the propriety of making themselves masters of their subject, before they attempted to discuss it. How much more necessary then, that historians should examine events, by comparing notes, and searching into the origin of things, instead of tamely submitting to the erroneous assertions of others, and negligently handing down to posterity partial accounts and false statements for decided facts.

The almost universal opinion that Henry the VIII. was the first English Monarch that assumed the title of “ *Defender of the Faith,* ” seems to be as gross an error as ever appeared on the pages of history ; but having been once asserted by a

man of genius; every succeeding historian tells the same story—the public take it for granted; and if one solitary being, who may have traced out the truth, dare venture to oppose an opinion so prevalent, from the authority by which it is sanctioned, he is at once silenced and abashed by the vociferous insinuations of a rude multitude, who unblushingly declare that they are too well acquainted with history to be mistaken on a point that will not even admit of argument! School boys produce their histories—tutors support their presumption; in prematurely doubting the refuter's correctness—and men of higher erudition are astonished at the bold assertion.

"Well," exclaims a pert little Miss in her teens, on the subject in question, "it is the first time in *my* life that *I* ever heard the thing doubted—I thought all the world knew upon what occasion the title of DEFENDER OF THE FAITH was bestowed on Henry the VIII. I'm sure you must be wrong, sir; my Aunt, who is better versed in history than any body, will tell you the same. And *I am quite certain* that the title was first given to Henry VIII. by Pope Leo the Tenth, for having written something in defence of the Papal Sacraments. I read it but yesterday in Goldsmith's History."

That Pope Leo complimented Henry VIII. with the title on that occasion, is not to be denied; but it was certainly only the renovation of an ancient title belonging to Kings of England nearly

an hundred years prior to the reign of Henry the VIII. Ancient records will shew, to those who have the inclination as well as the opportunity of referring to them, several charters granted to the University of Oxford, long before Pope Leo, or his sanguinary friend was in being, says Chamberlayne: they bear testimony of a fact so little known, *even among the literati* of the present age. Would modern historians so far adopt the Pythagorean system, as to dive well into doubtful points before they assert them for truths; or would individuals, who have the opportunity of referring to ancient records, correct such palpable errors, which, through carelessness, idleness, and inattention; or perhaps, the fanciful imagination of an inventive genius, have crept into history; the public mind would not be thus misled.

With respect to the title in question, it seems that it must have laid dormant until it was forgotten. Why it was ever dropped by Kings of England, when Christianity was firmly established in the nation, some able student, probably, may feel inclined to search out, when convinced of the incorrectness of the statement. For certain it is, that when his Popeship bestowed this mark of honor on his *worthy colleague*, it was but the renovation of an ancient title*.

* See Chamberlayne's Chronicle.—Duke Humphrey's Titles, when Protector, during the minority of his Nephew Henry VI.—the ancient records of certain charters granted to the University of Oxford, &c. &c.

sneer, would wonder how he came so mighty wise ; and the bulk of sagacious critics, influenced by the general voice, by pronouncing him a confident blockhead for endeavouring to confute such well *authenticated facts*, would diminish the respect a few might feel inclined to bestow upon his discoveries ; and thus blast his reputation for ever. Whereas a celebrated name would at once enforce conviction ;—his researches would be crowned with success, as his labours would deserve it—his ambition would be gratified—his fame would be established as the discoverer of truth—false opinions would no longer be imposed on succeeding generations—and his memory would be revered in after ages.

The most noble order of the garter is very generally believed to have taken its rise from the circumstance of the Countess of Salisbury having dropped her garter at a ball, which our gallant King Edward the Third taking up, presented to her with these words, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

How this error crept into history may be difficult, at this distance of time, to ascertain ; but that the public should give into the opinion, must be attributed to the historians who have copied one from the other, without giving themselves the trouble to inquire into the real origin of the institution ; and being thus handed down from one generation to another, the story carries with it all the appearance of truth, and is naturally supposed to be asserted on good authority.

to digest the subject of his morning study; returned home, and put to writing the result of his meditations!

Hume, too, who was highly complimented, it is said, on the *correctness* of his style, particularly in his History of England; yet, he made a most egregious blunder in asserting, that, "if ever the National Debt came up to one hundred millions, this country would be ruined." Being asked by a friend, "how he could make such a mistake, seeing that the debt was then far above that sum, and likely to be much more?" "*Owing to a mistake, sir,*" said he, "*common to writers by profession, who are often obliged to adopt statements on the authority of other people!*"

It was the wise maxim of Pythagoras, however, to impress upon the minds of his scholars the propriety of making themselves masters of their subject, before they attempted to discuss it. How much more necessary then, that historians should examine events, by comparing notes, and searching into the origin of things, instead of tamely submitting to the erroneous assertions of others, and negligently handing down to posterity partial accounts and false statements for decided facts.

The almost universal opinion that Henry the VIII. was the first English Monarch that assumed the title of "*Defender of the Faith*," seems to be as gross an error as ever appeared on the pages of history; but having been once asserted by a

man of genius; every succeeding historian tells the same story—the public take it for granted; and if one solitary being, who may have traced out the truth, dare venture to oppose an opinion so prevalent, from the authority by which it is sanctioned, he is at once silenced and abashed by the vociferous insinuations of a rude multitude, who unblushingly declare that they are too well acquainted with history to be mistaken on a point that will not even admit of argument! School boys produce their histories—tutors support their presumption; in prematurely doubting the refuter's correctness—and men of higher erudition are astonished at the bold assertion:

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open boat by the Jews, and banished Judea, when that great persecution arose recorded in Acts viii.

1. *“And at that time there was a great persecution against the Church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judea and Samaria, except the Apostles. 3. As for Saul, (afterwards named Paul) he made havock of the Church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison. 4. Therefore, they that were scattered abroad, went EVERY WHERE preaching the word.”*

And thus was fulfilled the prophecy of *Isaiah*, chap. lxvi. 19. *“And I will send those that escape of them unto the nations, to the isles afar off, that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory.”*

It is stated also, that as soon as Joseph of Arimathea landed with his party, he made application to the King for permission to settle near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. His request was granted, and twelve hides of land were assigned for the support of himself and followers. From which circumstance, the place to this day is called the twelve hides of Glaston. Such was the success of their ministry, that multitudes of the idolatrous inhabitants and superstitious druids, became obedient to the faith. So that even when Paul, Simon, Aristobulus, and others visited this Island, Britain, it is affirmed, literally swarmed with Christians; and the British King, Lucius,

who was the first king that embraced Christianity, as early as the year 170, appointed three Archbishoprics, viz. London, York, and Chester. That of London, after nearly 500 years continuance, was transferred by Ethelbert to Canterbury, of which see AUSTIN was the first *Archbishop*, when the inroads of the Saxons had thrown over the face of the country the darkness of German superstition, and checked the progress of Christianity, which from being barely tolerated had been openly encouraged, till Vortigern, about the year 445, called the Saxons to his aid, particularly Hengist and Horsa, two brothers, by whose united endeavours Christianity was nearly extirpated. Many were made slaves. Those who escaped fled into Cornwall and Wales; and while the rest of the natives were fast relapsing into their ancient paganism, the *Christians exercised their religion in its native purity*, and continued deeply rooted in the Apostle's doctrines, till Austin was sent over with forty other missionaries, by Gregory the first, Bishop of Rome, not, as is frequently asserted, to *convert the whole nation*, but to *restore Christianity* among those who had been corrupted by the influence of Saxon superstition; the persecuted Church being at that time most cruelly oppressed and overpowered, though BERTHA, the Queen of Ethelbert, was at the very time a Christian.

These are statements of old historians, and of which any one of perseverance and research, may

convince himself. The indolent alone will suffer their understandings to be imposed on by arguments of *partial*, or *misled* individuals.

Austin, it is true, was sent over by the Pope to convert that part of the community which had *relapsed* into a state of paganism; but though he brought his converts to *profess the faith*, he was the first to teach them to *outrage the laws of Christianity*; for in trying to bring the *ancient British Church* to a conformity with that of Rome, and finding a resistance on the part of the Bishops and Clergy, he persuaded his Christian converts to massacre them; which history informs us they did to the number of eleven or twelve hundred.

Now, had Austin been the first propagator of the Gospel in our Island, it is very clear he could not have met with either Bishops or Clergy to contend with. Neither could he have found a national Christian Church to bring under subjection to the Papal See.

It was not till towards the conclusion of the sixth century, about the year A. D. 596, it should be recollected, that Austin arrived in England; and two hundred and eighty two years before that period, in the year 314, three Bishops were sent from Britain to assist at the council at Arles!

Many will consider it of little consequence to know by whom Christianity was first introduced into this country—in what age Protestantism arose—the origin of a title—or the foundation on which

an order was instituted ; others will affix to it an importance that may promote researches, to ascertain facts so essential for the pages of history : and a spirit of nationality, it is to be hoped, will, in this age of inquiry, animate the soul of some able scholar, to confute the palpable errors that have been handed down from one historian to another, with a careless indifference that is most astonishing in men of study and erudition.

With respect to the demand, “ *Shew us a Protestant before Luther?* ” and the question, “ Were you not all Roman Catholics till Henry VIII. quarrelled with the Pope ? ” It will be found upon reflection, that we may answer the latter with an absolute negative. The first Christians who visited our shores, seminated the pure doctrines of the primitive Church ; at which time, even the Romans themselves had not fallen into those errors, which the turbulent spirit and tyranny of some of their Bishops afterwards imposed upon them, as tenets not to be dispensed with.

One Church was not, in the first ages of Christianity, obliged to observe the rites of another. They might differ in trivial points without offending, so as they did not violate the great articles of faith established by the Apostles. And whosoever would impose particular observances on particular Churches, were considered as violators and breakers of the unanimity of the one great universal or holy Catholic Church.

And therefore have Bishops of Rome been

sharply censured, not only by the adverse party, but by those on their own side. As in the case of Victor, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 196, who excommunicated the Eastern Churches, on account of some difference in the observation of Easter, and was condemned by either party as rash, heady, and turbulent.

And again in the instance of Stephen, Bishop of Rome, A. D. 258, who was condemned as a breaker and disturber of the Churches' peace; because, contrary to the mild precepts of the Gospel, he would impose upon others the belief of a disputable point. So that the forcing a belief in lesser matters, was never allowed by the primitive Bishops, but was deemed unreasonable and tyrannical; for though there are many Churches, says Ireneus, there is but one faith. Thus by degrees, however, abuses crept into the Church of Rome; the ignorant were deluded by superstition, and not having the *Scriptures* for their guide, were, as St. Paul expresses it, "*tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine.*"

Now Austin, bringing with him all the errors of the Romish Church, and enforcing them upon ours, met with a formidable resistance from the native Christians, who were attached to their national Church, which was established by disciples, who had seen and conversed with the Divine Founder of our holy religion; but this bigoted Prelate determined to bring them under subjec-

tion to the Papal See; and accordingly, waded through scenes of human blood to effect his purpose.

With respect to the term *Protestant*, although it was a name first given in Germany to denote all those who followed the doctrines of Luther and Calvin, it is now become a general denomination for every member of the reformed Church. And, notwithstanding it was not in common use before the great reformation, in the reign of Henry VIII. still it is a well-known fact, that the learned divine Wickliffe, and others in Germany as well, in the reign of Edward III. protested against the errors into which the Church of Rome had fallen, and he, and John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, were condemned as heretics, at a general council held at Constance, A. D. 1414—15. Consequently they and all their followers were decidedly Protestants.

NUMBER XLII.



ON CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find that better way.

THOUGH we may be assiduous in endeavouring to defend the doctrines of the Church in all their native purity, still should charity, soft emblem of Christianity, influence our conduct, and teach us to lose sight of all animosities. We ought not to condemn too severely, though we may disapprove. The soundest critic, and the most virtuous partisan, should treat with lenity the frailty of mistaken principles. Erroneous opinions may proceed from the age or country in which we happen to be born ; they may be palliated by circumstance, but cannot be justified by imitation. Superstitious prejudices, imbibed as duties, should call forth our compassion, rather than our ire ; for they overpower the most exalted mind, absorb

the senses; and seem to paralyse the reason. Let us then censure with mildness, and forbear to imitate ceremonies, and adopt opinions, that are neither sanctioned by Scripture nor instituted by Divine authority.

Primitive Christians mutually advised and assisted each other for the maintenance of the great precepts of the Gospel, however they might differ in trivial matters or ceremonies of no importance. *“Let us follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify one another,”* saith St. Paul.

Alas! what little attention was paid to this friendly exhortation of the Apostle's. The *meekness, love, and charity* which he so strongly recommends, was soon turned into *pride, rancour, and contention*. Instead of walking up to the same altar hand in hand, many, through a mistaken zeal, though branches of the same vine, cut themselves off from the main body, and were deservedly censured, as violators of the Church's concord; contrary to that *love and charity* for which the primitive Christians were so eminently distinguished; so much so, indeed, that the *heathens*, we are informed, observed it with astonishment, and cried out with admiration, *“Behold how they love one another!”*

In *charity*, we are required to bear with each other's infirmities; though, in *duty*, we are bound to take as much pains to spread the truths of the gospel, to *maintain* the purity of the Apostolic

Church, and to repel unscriptural tenets, as others do to *pervert* the great principles of Christianity, and to sow the seeds of discord among their brethren, to the utter disgrace of religion.

"There are many unruly and vain talkers," saith St. Paul, *"and deceivers, whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, teaching things which they ought not. Wherefore, rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith. They profess that they know God, but in works they deny Him."*

"But foolish and unlearned questions" saith this Apostle to Timothy, *"avoid, knowing that they do gender strifes."*

*"Continue, then, in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom * thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith, which is in Christ Jesus. Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall keep to themselves, teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth."*

How quickly, after the conclusion of the Apos-

* It should be recollected that Timothy was instructed from his infancy in all the truths of the Gospel, by his Grandmother, a very pious woman, who had made the Scriptures her study.

tolie age, was this prophecy verified. Mistaken zeal engendered disputes, divisions, and jarrings, that disgraced religion. Instead of that love and unanimity, which at first characterized the Christian community; animosities arose, hatred ensued, and persecution followed. Innumerable innovations succeeded, through the pride and intemperance of the Bishops of Rome; which ill accorded with the meek and lowly spirit of Christianity, evinced by the first propagators of the Gospel. Opposition was the result. But by their tyranny and overbearing conduct they sometimes brought Kings, Emperors, and other Bishops under subjection. And the doctrines of that turbulent Prelate Hilderbrand, or Pope Gregory VII. afterwards obtained a footing in the Church, although he was condemned by a council as "*A man most wicked; preaching sacrilege and burning; maintaining perjury and murders; calling in question the Catholic faith of the body and blood of our Lord; a follower of divination and dreams; a necromancer, and infected with a pythonical spirit; and therefore departed from the true faith.*"

In short, his pride and turbulence rose to such an unbounded pitch, that his election to the Papal chair was made null and void, and he was at last obliged to fly from Rome, though, unfortunately for succeeding generations, not till he had introduced many abuses into the Church, which habit and superstition afterwards tolerated, notwith-

standing they were sealed with the blood of many martyrs. By such overbearing spirits the discipline of the Romish Church became, in many respects, not only unauthorized by any precept of our Saviour or his Apostles, but altogether unscriptural in some essential points. And the Laity not being guided by the Scriptures, naturally fell into errors that were sanctioned by their Clergy.

How contrary was this to the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles, as well as to the mild disposition displayed in the conduct of his predecessors. Gregory the First, for instance, so far from imposing upon others disputable points, he even opposed the persecutions that were exercised against the Jews. "It is by gentle means, kindness and instruction," said he, "that these infidels must be overcome, and brought to embrace the Christian religion, and not by threats and violence." In fine, it was deemed unreasonable and tyrannical, by ancient Bishops, to impose particular observances on particular Churches. Every one was left to follow its own usages in *unimportant* matters, so as they did not persuade others, or violate the faith drawn from the Apostle's doctrines. "Which faith," says Ireneus, Bishop of Lyons, A. D. 184, should be diligently observed, as though she inhabited but one soul. For, though there are many churches, there is but one faith." And there were but two principal causes allowed to justify parishioners for deserting

their Bishop. The first was apostacy from the faith; the second, for *false opinions* and *unscriptural* doctrines.

“Mark them,” saith St. Paul in his exhortation to the Romans on this head, “which cause divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned*, and avoid them, for they by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple.”

Again, “In latter times,” says he, “some shall depart from the faith—speaking lies in hypocrisy—forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and PRAYER.”

And, “If thou put the brethren in mind of these things,” writeth St. Paul, in his directions to Timothy, concerning his own conduct in his Episcopal office; “thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ. Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come.”

Let us profit then by these directions, and be

* Let it be recollected that the doctrine to which St. Paul here alludes was that taught by the Apostles.

charitable one towards another; observing the true Apostolic faith, and, like the Christians of old, mutually advising and assisting each other for the maintenance of the great precepts of the Gospel. Let us study the Scriptures in search of truth, and not be led away by false doctrines. The directions and counsils of our Saviour must, *indisputably*, be the Christian's best guide, and lead to a safe retreat at last.

As Christians, then, let us cherish faith, hope, and charity; and recollect that the greatest of these is CHARITY. And as the safest way is to abide by the Scriptures, let us read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that we may not be influenced by false reasoning or mistaken zeal; so as to indulge a groundless and presumptuous hope, or fall into comfortless despair. Then may we reasonably trust, through the mediation of our heavenly Intercessor and Redeemer, to meet together in perfect harmony and concord; to enjoy that peace which this world cannot give; and which the vain contentions of mortals—and mortals assuming the name of Christians too, so frequently interrupt. Where we cannot convince, let us submit without condemning too harshly; *“putting away all bitterness and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking, with all malice, being kind to one another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven us.”*

“By this all men shall know that we are his disciples, if we have love one to another,” said our Saviour to His beloved Apostle John, xiii. 35. To conclude then, study the Scriptures—submit yourselves to the higher powers—love the brotherhood—fear God—honor the King.

THE END.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

